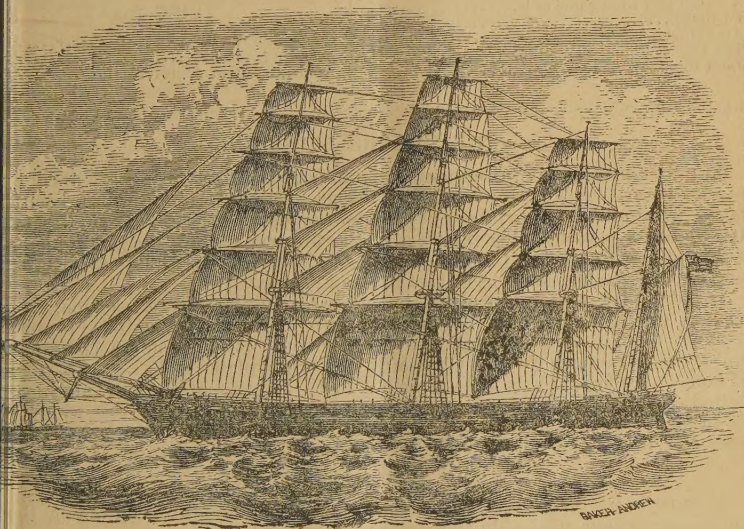


THE  
SAILORS' MAGAZINE,  
AND  
SEAMEN'S FRIEND.



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## THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners, memoranda of disaster, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers, \$1 a year in advance. To any one who will send us \$5 for five subscribers, a sixth copy will be sent gratis. POSTAGE in advance quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States: *twelve cents a year.*

## THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

A paper in pamphlet form, of *sixteen* pages, issued monthly, containing the most interesting articles of the Magazine, is designed for a large circulation among Seamen, and the friends of the cause on land, and for *gratuitous* distribution.

It will also be furnished to subscribers for 25 cents per single copy, per annum, or eight copies for \$1, and at the latter rate for any greater number; payable always in advance. *Postage* same as for the Magazine, or in packages, at 2 cents for four ounces, or six copies.

It will also be furnished to Chaplains and Auxiliary Societies for *gratuitous* distribution among Seamen and Boatmen as a monthly 16 page tract, at the cost of paper and press-work, \$1 25 per 100.

## THE LIFE-BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents and other facts relative to Sea Libraries or Missions.

It will be sent *gratuitously* to every person who will become a collector for Seamen, and forward through the S. S. superintendent or pastor a collection for the Society. Any Sabbath School or individual who will send us \$12, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

It will also be furnished as a *four* page tract adapted to Seamen, and for *gratuitous* distribution among them at 30 cents per 100.



# THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

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## Early History of Marine Insurance.

We make the following extracts from a very interesting and instructive history of Marine Insurance in the *Merchant's Magazine* for August. Our only regret is that we have not room for the entire article:—

Water comprises more than three-fourths of the surface of the globe. The ocean, from the earliest ages, has been the theme of poetry and eloquence, and it has always tempted the adventurous and daring spirit of man, while its constant swell and continuous flow fitly emblem the eternity of the distant past and the unfathomable future.

The dominion of the sea has, for ages past, been accepted as the insignia of the most exalted rank and power; and that common heritage of the whole human race, and of all nations, has often been claimed by one alone ever since the Carthagenians swayed the Mediterranean. Carthage itself, with all its maritime power, yielded to Rome, and another era records the symbolic marriage of the Adriatic Sea with the ancient Venitian Doges. Other centuries witness Spanish and Dutch supremacy on the ocean, and in modern times the Caveat is scarcely yet withdrawn, that "Britannia rules the waves."

The common notion that the ocean is only a vast expanse of fathomless water is soon dissipated by actual experience, or by a scientific knowledge of its physical geography. Its vast area, its numerous rocks and shoals,

its currents, and its storms, and all its impediments to safe navigation, not only demand the constant vigilance of man when he uses this magnificent roadway of commerce, but opens a wide field for his investigation and research.

Standing at the base of Insurance economics as the eldest and one of the most important of its now varied departments, and considered as of universal prevalence and undisputed advantage in the mercantile world, the science and practice of marine underwriting is not only commercially but historically interesting.

The citizens of Tyre were the most celebrated navigators of ancient history; with their ships built of the timber of Mount Lebanon, they ventured even so far as to discover the shores of Britain. The Phoenicians, or ancient Canaanites, a name signifying merchants in the Oriental language, planted maritime colonies in the different countries as early as 2,000 years B.C.

The Phoenicians, Carthagenians and Egyptians, the Athenians, and other Hellenic nations, have left us no record of their maritime laws, if their sea usages ever became so established and numerous as to require separate collection and preservation.

The first maritime code of which we have any authentic evidence, is that of Rhodes, a beautiful island in the Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Asia Minor. This code is supposed to have originated during the reign of Jehoshaphat in Judah, about 900 years B. C., and it was therefore nearly con-

temporary with the era of Solomon in Palestine. The Rhodian laws were adopted by the Romans as authoritative, except where they conflicted with their own special regulations, and we are indebted to the Code of Justinian and the writings of Roman lawyers for the preservation of excerpts from these ancient commercial regulations. One title of the digest relating to the subject of jettison is entitled "*De Lege Rhodia de Jactu* (14, 2); the Rhodian law has thus furnished for nearly three thousand years the foundation of the principles of general Average prevailing among all commercial nations. But from the endless variety of circumstances and combinations occasionally attending the settlements of general Average and marine losses, the decisions of Average adjusters, resting on mingled law, usage, and equity, are not even at this date always uniform and concordant.

The modern contract of Marine insurance was not known to these nations, nor even to the Romans; although the latter nation approached somewhat its main features in the usage which prevailed in the case of warlike stores and provisions conveyed by sea for the Roman troops, the government assuming the risk of loss arising from perils of the sea and from capture by enemies and pirates.

About the year A. D. 350, a party of Roman emigrants, destined for Constantinople, were shipwrecked off the coast of Salerno, in Southern Italy, and the adjacent harbor of Amalfi having attracted their attention, they at once began to lay the foundations of that celebrated city, which was destined soon to become the most powerful commercial emporium of this epoch. Its maritime code, compiled in 1063, known as the *Amalfitan Table* (now entirely lost), became dominant on the shores of the Mediterranean and throughout the Levant. The High Court of Admiralty of Amalfi even obtained authority and sanction as a tribunal of nations.

An Ordinance on navigation was adopted at Barcelona as early as 1258.

The earliest code of maritime law in Europe, now extant, is the *Consulat de la Mer*, *Consulado del Mar* or *Consolato del Mare*. It is a singular fact

that the origin of this authoritative compilation is unknown, although it has ruled the Mediterranean Sea and the shores of Europe for centuries, and formed the basis of nearly all subsequent maritime codes. Its origin seems to have been most authentically traced to Barcelona, in Spain, then ruled by the Kings of Aragon, where it was first promulgated in the Roman or Catalan tongue, in the twelfth or thirteenth century. It was a complete digest of the then existing maritime laws and usages, and contained two hundred and ninety-four chapters. The commercial republics and flourishing cities which rose in Italy and on the Mediterranean after the destruction of the Roman Empire in the West, Pisa, Genoa, Venice, Ancona, Marseilles, adopted the *Consolato del Mare*, or promulgated special marine ordinances of their own, mainly founded on the *Consolato*.

In the latter part of the seventh century, the Roman fugitives who had taken refuge from the Northern barbarians on the desolate Venetian islands on the shores of the Adriatic Sea, compelled by their necessities, began to acquire commercial importance, and when the maritime supremacy of the other Italian cities, Amalfi, Pisa, and Genoa declined, Venice rose to the first rank as a naval power, and from the most distant shores of the Black Sea to the coast of England, she enjoyed an extensive and flourishing commerce, and obtained a recognized superiority in navigation and naval architecture over all other European or Asiatic nations.

The Hanseatic League, which is supposed to have originated about the year 1241, by the Union of Hamburg and Lubeck, soon embraced, with the permission of their respective sovereigns, eighty-five commercial cities, especially those of the North and Baltic Seas. The laws of Oleron and Wisbuy constituted, at first, their marine code, but, in 1591, a maritime code was promulgated by the Hanse towns, which was afterwards enlarged, and known as the *Jus Hanseaticum Maritimum*. This imperial league flourished for more than three hundred years; its objects were to repress piracy, procure restitution of ship-



wrecked property, facilitate the safe navigation of the seas, and establish trade, fisheries, commerce, and manufactures. Bruges, in West Flanders, was established in 1252, as one of its leading cities, and soon became the commercial centre of Northern Europe. In 1272, a colony or agency was established at Novogorod, Russia, and, in 1278, one at Bergen. Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Germany were subjected to the sway of these merchant princes, who loaned ships of war to kings, and for many years exerted a controlling power over several nations, and almost monopolized, with their numerous mercantile marine, the commerce of England and Northern Europe.

The Dutch gradually supplanted the Hanseatic League, which was formally dissolved in 1630, and Antwerp and Amsterdam became, for a brief period, great shipbuilding marts, and the acknowledged centres of the commercial world. Holland, by her manufactures and commerce, her colonies and shipping, outranked any other nation.

The justly celebrated *Ordonnance de la Marine*, originally inspired by the genius of Colbert, and subsequently illumined by the Commentary of Valin, was compiled under Louis XIV., in 1681, and attained great celebrity and authority as a marine code, most of its legal principles remaining unchanged to the present day.

It is somewhat noticeable that England, the leading commercial nation of the world, has never promulgated any authoritative marine code. The *Lex Mercatoria*, or Law Merchant, although never enacted by Parliament, constitutes a part of the Common Law, and as compiled from the general usages and laws of all commercial nations, is expounded by her admiralty and other courts of justice.

These mediæval codes embodied the concentrated wisdom of those early days, and still constitute the foundation of the present maritime laws in all civilized states, and are justly considered as forming, to a considerable extent, a portion of the *jus gentium*, or law of nations.

Before the practice of Insurance came into use, when, for any reason, the nautical loan was resorted to by

the merchants of the earlier middle ages, a division of freight among different vessels, as well as part ownership of ships, was devised as inexpedient to lessen the risks from the many perils of the sea, which were so much more common before the discovery of the mariner's compass (A. D. 1302).

Marine insurance, which is the earliest kind of insurance known, undoubtedly had its origin in some of the maritime cities of Europe about the 14th century. Modern researches have discovered strong evidence of its earliest existence and practice in the opulent city of Bruges. The first English statute relating to marine insurance was passed in 1601. Special commissioners were appointed to meet weekly "in the office of the Assurances," and to hear and decide summarily all marine insurance litigation.

The business of marine insurance was carried on at this date, as a trade or business, solely by individual underwriters who became personally responsible for different sums in cases of loss to ship or cargo from the perils of the sea.

In 1720, the first Parliamentary committee sat to inquire into the subject of insurance, to investigate the practice of marine underwriting as then existing, and to hear certain complaints made as to several unjustifiable undertakings and projects, whereby great mischief might accrue to the public. It was during this year (1720) that on the petition of many merchants and traders and the payment of a very heavy sum (£300,000 sterling each, afterwards reduced one-half) to the Exchequer for deficiencies in the civil list, that the "Royal Exchange Assurance for insuring Ships and Goods at Sea, or going to Sea, and Lending Money upon Bottomry," and the "London Assurance for insuring Ships and Goods at Sea or going to Sea, and for Lending Money upon Bottomry," (described in a supplemental Charter as "The Corporation of the London Assurance of Houses and Goods from Fire") were incorporated with special and exclusive privileges as all other corporations, which monopoly they actually held until the recent act of 1824. These two corporations are the oldest marine insurance

companies in the world. The restrictive act which limited the number of partners in a trading concern was repealed, thus opening the field for a numerous combination of individual underwriters. Other marine insurance companies were also chartered and organized under the Joint-Stock Companies Act of 1844, and the Companies Act of 1862.

"Lloyd's Coffee House," in Lombard street, London, known for many years all over the world wherever the sea washed the shore of any civilized nation, was established about the middle of the last century as the headquarters or exchange of the marine underwriters. The rooms of the private underwriters were subsequently changed to commodious apartments in the Royal Exchange. Since the Act of 1824, more than five individuals can become associated together in business at "Lloyds." A capital of at least £5,000 sterling is required, however, as a necessary qualification for membership. The association numbers about two hundred members.

### Our Sailors.

We transfer with pleasure the following appropriate remarks from the columns of the *New York Times*. The fact that fourteen new steamships, the *Augusta*, *Atlanta*, *Linda*, *Cumberland*, *Shamrock*, *Flambeau*, *Catharine Whiting*, *Flag*, *Varuna*, *Glaucus*, *Aries*, *Ariadus* and *Agnes* have recently been built for the Southern trade, is a sufficient indication of renewed activity in commerce.

The American Seamen's Friend Society is doing all in its power, through its Chaplains, Sailors' Homes, and Loan Libraries, to make sailors better. During the last three years, 2,180 seamen were shipped from the Home without advance wages, and we hope the time will soon come when that iniquitous system will be done away, so that sailors may be free to make their contracts.

### THE MERCHANT MARINE PERSONNEL.

"A good Captain makes good officers, and good officers make good men," is an adage familiar to the ear of the merchant sailor. That it is true is unquestionably the fact, and it is established by an acquaintance with what we have seen in our experience among men of the sea.

It should be one of the first duties of the ship-owner, after fitting out his vessel, to provide a good Captain. We say good, not so much in the sense relative to his qualifications as a navigator, a practical seaman and a faithful employee, as in the bearing of his moral and social deportment toward his officers and crew. We know of ship-owners who do not care a fig how much their Captains abuse the crews of their vessels, so that they make quick passages, and do not get into law scrapes, and their inhumanities are not put into the public prints. The almighty dollar builds the bulwarks which keep from their not over-tender consciences any sting of remorse, if a poor fellow is clubbed from a topsail-yard and falls into the sea, a victim to the brutal treatment of some sea-devil, whose only trait is to drive his ship a knot or two faster than those of a rival line. That these things have occurred, and not unfrequently, the records of our courts too plainly show.

The close of the war brings with it the return of many of our mercantile marine officers to their former occupations, and already we see faces and forms on the quarter-deck of our merchantmen, which for the past four years have nobly stood up under the flag for freedom and the Union. Many of these officers are better men and better disciplinarians than they were when they left their peaceful craft to join in the realities of war; their experience in the government of men has been of a character which will lead to good results.

As we are beginning a new era in our mercantile marine history, it behooves us with it to start anew in our system of manning our ships. The days of mutinies and murders on shipboard should be numbered with the past, and the greatest harmony should prevail at all times on shipboard. The Captain should treat his officers as if



they were gentlemen, not as tools to carry out his ideas of labor, and, if inclined that way, passion. The officers should be compelled to use the sailors like men, and not like dogs, as many of them are too often treated. A ship with her crew represents a little floating world, and despite the variety of temperaments, we believe can be governed by rules humane and just, and capable of producing the best results.

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OUR MERCANTILE MARINE SERVICE—  
THE STANDARD OF QUALIFICATION.

In the rise of our renewed mercantile marine strength, we call upon our merchants to be more discriminating in the selection of the officers of our ships. Let not men be selected for these important positions who have no other qualification than the results they produce from brutal force. In years gone past we have too often recorded the free use of the handspike and the belaying-pin; and while our faces burn with shame to think that these things were committed on board of American vessels, we can say with truth that most of these acts were the handiwork of foreigners, the scum of creation picked up in the *purlieus* of Liverpool and London. As Americans we do not like to hear our captains spoken of as "Bully Slasher," instead of Captain Slasher. We have too many "bullies" on shore, claiming to be citizens, without having any more afloat.

Each American vessel should take, according to the tonnage, one or more boys, and educate them for officers. These boys should be brought up differently from the manner in which they were formerly, and in time we should have a body of mercantile marine officers unequalled by any country on the face of the globe.—Until something is done in this direction, our ship-owners will labor under many disadvantages. We throw out these suggestions, hoping that from the present time forward we are to have a mercantile marine, which, in its *personnel*, can boast of good captains, good officers and good men.

To accomplish this is but the work of a few years, and will be of vast importance to all interested. As a na-

tional enterprise it will reflect credit upon us, and lead all the world to respect us and admire our thoroughness in carrying out the details of the greatest commercial and naval power of the world.

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A Trip to the Cape.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

Who that has read Thoreau's *Cape Cod* did not long to visit it? We did, and accordingly, one scorching August day gladly exchanged our quarters in Boston for the deck of a steamer bound to Provincetown. Ah, that glorious run out of the harbor into the open sea, with its life-giving breezes! The blue above and the blue below was broken all too soon by the long, low, sandy shores of the Cape looming up in the distance. Rounding Point Race, "the tip-end of the Cape," we entered the capacious harbor of Provincetown, five hours from Boston. Provincetown burrows in the sand. Its one long street skirts the water; houses on one side, fish-flakes on the other. The town-house is perched on a bluff looking into the chimnies below, and affording sea and sand views quite unsurpassed. Sand, sand everywhere, covered up, however, with sufficient vegetation to keep it pretty well in place, unless a more ferocious wind, or a wilder sea than common wrench it from its moorings. The bay side of the Cape, however, is less liable to the assaults of the tempest, vessels in large numbers often take refuge in its more sheltered waters. But the Atlantic side! God help the storm-tossed mariner!

After looking *in-sufficiently* around, for one hungers to see the Cape in all weathers, we rode over the "wrist" of the Cape—Cape Cod being the bent arm of Massachusetts—to Highland Light. The ride is six miles over a rolling prairie of sand; not naked and glaring, but bearing beach-grass, and lichens interspersed with short, scrubby pines; the scenery is sublime in its dreariness. Not a cow or sheep is allowed to stray over these wilds, even could hunger tempt them, the roots of the grass being so many anchors to keep the Cape from being blown to

sea. Beach grass is indeed an "institution" here. Government has taken it in hand; not long ago thirty thousand dollars were appropriated to protect it. In old times people used to plant it in the highways, as we mend our ways elsewhere.

The Highland Light, forty-one miles from Boston Light, is built twenty rods from the edge of a bare, bold head-land, one hundred and fifty feet above the ocean. It is the first light made by vessels coming on the coast, and can be seen twenty miles at sea. At this point one gets a mighty sense of ocean, supreme, resistless, insatiable. It is never still; even in calmest weather, a desperate undertow would carry off the stoutest swimmer. What a carnival must the howling winter winds hold here! After every storm the voracious shore has some trophies of the lost—lost ships or cargoes or life that vainly battled with the tempest. Indeed the life boat of the light house is of little or no service, for the breakers tip it over as unceremoniously as they handle a broken spar.

Besides, the light house, which is not allowed to extend its courtesies to lands-men, Squire Small has a farmhouse a few rods below it, where he makes those comfortable who are so fortunate as to get in. We did not, and made for pond village, one of the small hamlets of Truro, set in a hollow for shelter and fertility. The ocean was quite shut out; but the smooth hills clothed with scant grass showed us still among the sand. Trees there were none. The straggling houses had a grim lonesome look, with no orchard or flower garden or any of the sweet juices of country fruitfulness around them. Living within sight and sound of stranded ships, familiar with the pitiless fury of the storm, finding a living by perils of water, no wonder if life here has a certain weird solemnity which impresses itself on the passer-by.

After leaving Wellfleet, we leave the balder features of the Cape, and pass into more generous soil. The stage route from Provincetown runs on the Bay side and brings us on to East Dennis, forty-eight miles from the extreme end. Here we anchored at the fine sea-side summer residence of the

Hon. Francis Basset of Boston. Built on a rise of land commanding the blue waters of the Bay on one side, and a range of low, bare hills on the other, which run through the Cape, forming its backbone, the landscape took in some of the peculiar features of the Cape—the old windmills, those grey old sentinels of the hills; the salt works with their turtle like vats; cranberry fields enriching the hollows, and the beautiful, ever-changing sea. Here is a fertility which Toreau does not speak of, and which those who get their impressions from his book would not expect to find. Acres of fine wheat are grown, and potatoes of rare quality. The Cape cranberries stand high in city markets. These are raised on small, rich patches, mostly recovered bogs; one, the land of which cost five dollars to begin with, yielded a crop worth \$1400. The hills have a look like the English downs. In the Pilgrim times they are said to have been thickly wooded. Perhaps so, and perhaps not. Scargo is in sight, the highest land on the Cape, beautifully rising on one side from a fine pond of fresh water and covered with forest. Over the hills, too, we plunge into oak and pine forest low and dense, 50 miles in length, they say, but all the trees have a strangely dwarfed look, as if the storms and winds were too much for them. There is a grove of old oaks on a bluff near the shore; their storm-battered tops are scarcely higher than your head, and their gnarled limbs hug the ground as if for safety. Some fine houses are seen in Dennis, but, best of all, in both East and North Dennis there are fine school-houses. Instead of wastefully multiplying districts, they unite and thus get good buildings as well as more and better schooling.

The school-house which we visited had a primary and grammar department, with all modern fixtures, and, above all, they were models of neatness. Neatness is surely a virtue of the Cape; for these habits of the children must have been born at home. The churches, too, looked well cared for. The Trinitarian Congregationalist Church of North Dennis has a man whom the people prize. It seemed to us that life had a soberer look than



elsewhere. Was it because there were so many anxious hearts following the wake of fathers and brothers, husbands and sons over the uncertain waters?

The summer air is delicious; no scorching heats, or that acrid chill which we find at more northern beaches; night and day it is soft, sweet, and invigorating. Dennis and Yarmouth beach is eight or ten miles long, smooth and hard, affording the finest drives, with sunsets pouring a flood of glory on land and water. But there are no hotels, on the Bay side at least. Fashion has not found its way to the Cape. With every advantage for fishing, bathing, and all seaside sights and sounds, a few plain, good boarding houses, where it would not cost a fortune to spend the summer, would be a blessing to those in quest of health and recreation at the least expense of comfort and Christianity.—*Boston Recorder*.

### The Traveler's Club.

LECTURE BY CAPT. PARKER SNOW ON  
ADVENTURES IN ARCTIC AND  
ANTARTIC AMERICA.

Capt. Parker Snow, whose name is well known in connection with the expedition sent out from England by Lady Franklin, in search of her husband, the renowned navigator, Sir John Franklin, and his crew, and also by his public works regarding explorations in the Arctic Ocean, lectured, by invitation, before the Traveler's Club, at their rooms, corner West Fourteenth-street and Fifth Avenue, last evening. A very respectable audience was present, including many ladies.

Having been introduced by Edward E. Dunbar, Esq., President of the club, Capt. Snow said that he had had thirty-five years of an adventurer's life, and his only object in appearing before his hearers was to enable them to beguile away an hour in listening to his reminiscences of adventure in far off Northern and Southern regions. Fifteen years ago he lived in New York. He heard that Lady Franklin was about to fit out an expedition to go in search of her missing husband, and he volunteered his services to accompany it. His hearers would all

recollect that in 1845, Sir John Franklin commanded an expedition sent out by the English government, to discover a North-west passage. When that expedition was mooted, the speaker applied to the British Admiralty for an appointment as a member of the crew, although at that time he held an officer's position in the merchant service. Word came back to him that the two vessels that were to form the expedition could be manned altogether by officers if the Admiralty so chose, so great had been the number of applicants for position, and he, along with many others, was refused what he at that time so much coveted. The vessels started, and as all were aware, were lost.

The speaker paid a glowing tribute to America for the earnestness she had displayed in sending out an expedition to search for the missing navigators, and mentioned the names of Dr. Kane and Mr. Grinnell, in terms of high praise. He then referred to Lady Franklin's expedition, and described the course taken by it on the voyage to the Arctic Ocean. It took a circuitous route by the coast of Greenland, and going round on the eastern side of Baffin's Bay it came to land, where were first discovered the trace of Sir John Franklin's party. This was a small piece of rope which, from its peculiar manufacture, was known to have come from the naval dock yard in Woolwich. The searching navigators surmized that by following this course, and approaching the magnetic pole the missing voyagers or their remains might be found. This idea he had conceived while in New York in 1850, and his plans bearing upon it were submitted to the Admiralty, but overruled, when the first expedition sailed from England. Subsequent events proved that his surmise was correct, and had the Admiralty acted on his plan, success would have attended the efforts of those searching navigators. Coming to a large inlet, the party, of which the speaker was the second in command, found that their course was altogether impeded by immense masses of ice, which extended clear across it. The speaker asked permission to make his way through this ice in a small boat, with

a select crew, but was not allowed the privilege. Subsequently the ice cleared away partially, and the expedition proceeded on its course. One day, when working through the floating masses, the party discovered coming toward them a vessel bearing at her masthead the glorious Stars and Stripes. This proved to be Dr. Kane's exploring ship, the *Advance*, which, in a short time afterward was boarded by the speaker's party, who until then knew nothing of the expedition which had been fitted out from America. The speaker then described most graphically the scenes which occurred when the officers and men of these two expeditions, both on the same errand of mercy and humanity, were brought together. Dr. Kane had found the relics of the Franklin expedition, and had immortalized his name and embalmed his memory in the hearts of all men who were lovers of their race.

The Captain proceeded to give the particulars of Kane's expedition, which were the same as have been already widely published in the press and in Dr. Kane's own works. He also alluded to the voyages which had been previously made in the Arctic Ocean by Sir Francis McClintock, awarding to that commander the praise of being a skillful navigator. A document written in 1847, and found under a heap of stones in the Esquimaux country, evinced the fact that Sir John Franklin had died a natural death on board his ship that year, and had been buried by his crew. His crew had evidently perished in consequence of hunger and cold, having been blocked in by the ice. The lecturer concluded by saying that the journals kept by Sir John would prove of invaluable use to the scientific world, and that if England did not set on foot measures to recover these documents, very shortly, America assuredly would.

Capt. Snow then proceeded to speak of his adventures, four years after his Arctic voyage, in Patagonia, and on the island of Terra del Fuego, whither he had been sent out in command of an expedition to search for a party of missing missionaries, who were supposed to have been destroyed by the

Fuegians or Patagonians. He discovered that they had been destroyed and so reported to his government. The whole lecture was interspersed throughout with most interesting narrative, and at its close was loudly applauded. A vote of thanks was subsequently tendered to the lecturer. Before leaving, the audience inspected with great interest a small cabinet of relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition, which the Captain brought from the Arctic Ocean, and the peculiarities of which he fully explained after the close of his lecture.

### Storm on Galilee.

The shore on this beautiful lake is bold, and some portions of it mountainous, with deep valleys and ravines between the elevations, through which the winds occasionally drive with the force of a hurricane, throwing the waters, just before calm and placid, into furious agitation. Such was their state when the disciples on board a frail bark, in the fourth watch of the night, beheld Jesus approaching them, "walking on the sea." He who made the sea could walk unharmed amid its furious waves, and command at will their peace, and they obey. With equal ease he can "calm the surges of the mind," agitated and convulsed with fear, by these words, "*Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.*" Safe and happy will ever be the poor sailor in the severest storms, and when tossed to and fro upon the foaming deep, if in the exercise of true faith he beholds Jesus in the tempest, and hears his gracious words which spread over the troubled soul the tranquility of a summer's eve. When the temptations of Satan, the world, and the flesh, seem to overwhelm the soul and sink it in the dark waters of despair, then look to Jesus, and, in your agony, cry, *Lord, save me!*

At another time the Master went on board ship with its crew, "and behold there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves; but he was asleep." And his disciples awoke him with the cry, *Lord, save us; we perish!* "And he said unto them, *Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?* Then



he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm." In that Almighty Redeemer, whose voice the winds and the sea obey, the mariner may put his trust, whether he sail upon the sea of Galilee or upon the waters of Erie. The humble and penitent he freely forgives, as readily those who are clad in the plain garb of the sailor as those in more costly attire; as readily those who navigate our waters as those who dwell upon the land. "Of a truth God is no respecter of persons;" but in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him. All souls are God's, and for all Christ died, and hence all who truly repent and believe and obey the Gospel will be saved.

### The Highland Light.

Our host said that the frost, too, on the windows caused him much trouble, and in sultry summer nights the moths covered them and dimmed his lights; sometimes even small birds flew against the thick plate glass, and were found on the ground beneath in the morning with their necks broken. In the spring of 1855 he found nineteen small yellow birds, perhaps goldfinches or myrtle-birds, thus lying dead around the light-house; and sometimes in the fall he had seen where a golden plover had struck the glass in the night, and left the down and the fatty part of its breast on it.

Thus he struggled, by every method, to keep his light shining before men. Surely the light-house keeper has a responsible, if an easy, office. When his lamp goes out, he goes out; or, at most, only one such accident is pardoned.

I thought it a pity that some poor student did not live there, to profit by all that light, since he would not rob the mariner. "Well," he said, "I do sometimes come up here and read the newspaper when they are noisy down below." Think of fifteen argand lamps to read the newspaper by! Government oil!—light, enough, perchance, to read the Constitution by! I thought that he should read nothing less than his Bible by that light. I had a classmate who fitted

for college by the lamps of the light-house, which was more light, we think, than the University afforded.

When we had come down and walked a dozen rods from the light-house, we found that we could not get the full strength of its light on the narrow strip of land between it and the shore, being too low for the focus, and we saw only so many feeble and rayless stars; but at forty rods inland we could see to read, though we were still indebted to only one lamp. Each reflector sent forth a separate "fan" of light,—one shone on the windmill, and one in the hollow, while the intervening spaces were in shadow. This light is said to be visible twenty nautical miles and more, from an observer fifteen feet above the level of the sea. \* \* \*

The keeper entertained us handsomely in his solitary little ocean house. He was a man of singular patience and intelligence, who, when our queries struck him, rung as clear as a bell in response. The light-house lamps a few feet distance shone full into my chamber, and made it as bright as day, so I knew exactly how the Highland Light bore all that night, and I was in no danger of being wrecked. Unlike the last, this was as still as a summer night. I thought as I lay there, half awake and half asleep, looking upward through the window at the lights above my head, how many sleepless eyes from far out on the Ocean stream—mariners of all nations spinning their yarns through the various watches of the night—were directed toward my couch.

—*Thoreau's "Cape Cod."*

ITALY now possesses a fleet of 98 vessels, 74 of which are ships of the line and 24 are transports. The ships of war consist of 18 iron-clads, 21 screw steamers, 25 paddle-wheel steamers and 10 sailing vessels. The nominal power of the engines in the war steamers is 23,140 horses; they reckon 1,260 cannon and 20,383 men. In the transport service the engines are of 4,350 horse-power, and the ships are provided with 43 cannon, and manned by 1,882 seamen.

### The Army of Russia.

[From the Russian Correspondence.]

The *Russian Invalid* has published an article about the present budget of our army as compared with that of the armies of other powers, of which we intend to give a summary, for the following reasons:—Firstly, because the numbers contained in it have a statistical value interesting many persons; and, secondly, because the comparison of the present budget with former ones show a constant desire on the part of the government to reconcile the safety of the country with a reduction of the expenses.

There is an evident necessity for Russia to maintain its army on an equal footing with those of neighboring countries, as shown in the history of the last ten years. Let us then consider the forces of the great European states, expressed in such numbers.

Prussia, with a population of 18,000,000, occupying a surface of 5,000 square miles, has a permanent army of 200,000 men, costing 40,000,000 thalers, or (at current exchange) 45,000,000 roubles.

Austria, with a population of 37,000,000, occupying territory of about 12,000 square miles, maintains, including the soldiers on temporary leave, an army of 500,000 men, costing 122,000,000 florins, or 77,000,000 roubles. It is well known that the number, 300,000 men, which represents the peace footing, is purely fictitious.

France, with 38,000,000 inhabitants, on a surface of 10,000 square miles, has an army of 400,000 men, costing 440,000,000 francs, (of which 380,000,000 are for ordinary and 60,000,000 for extraordinary expenses) or 133,000,000 roubles.

England, with 5,000 square miles, and 30,000,000 inhabitants, maintains 150,000 soldiers, at the cost of £15,000,000, or 120,000,000 roubles. It has, besides, at its disposal the East Indian army of 210,000 men, of whom 70,000 are English, and which would also do service in other places. This latter costs £21,000,000; and we thus arrive at a total cost of 288,000,000 roubles for an army of 360,000 men.

All these states together contain

32,000 square miles, equal to a third part of European Russia, and maintain 1,300,000 soldiers, at an expense of 385,000,000 roubles.

Fortunately for Russia, 100,000 square miles of its territory forms a continuous surface, which enables the army to guard the frontiers at the expense of the centre, and to save in this manner a great deal of money. Here is the war budget during the last two years:—

In 1863, ordinary budget,	118,538,000 roubles.
“ extraordinary do.	35,509,000 “
In 1864, budget of peace,	119,950,000 “
“ war expenses,	32,484,000 “

For 1865, the peace budget was fixed at 127,972,000 roubles; but it may be observed that in this estimate are included 7,358,000 roubles of expenses resulting from measures taken under preceding circumstances, so that the peace budget is in reality 120,614,000 roubles.

This sum will not seem exaggerated if we consider that our army has to protect a territory three times larger than that of the above-named powers, to pacify immense extents of territory in Central Asia, and that, in fact, this sum is only the third part of the budget of the other powers. We must not forget that, if the raw materials do not cost more in Russia than in the remainder of Europe, it is not the same with the produce of manufacturers. We pay for equipment and arming a great deal more than the other powers.

The war budget was formerly only 101 millions roubles, whilst it amounts at present to 120 millions. This increase does not prove anything against the amelioration introduced into our administration, and it will be seen hereafter that it is more apparent than real. In 1860 the Ministry of War had at its disposal, besides its budget, considerable revenues which have since been used for other purposes. Thus an annual sum of 9,199,691 roubles was taken for a supplementary war budget and transferred to the exchequer, and an extraordinary credit of 952,998 roubles suppressed. Moreover, the War Department got burdened with expenses formerly assigned to other establishments, such as the expenses of the military schools, amounting to 4,087,291 roubles, and



330,227 roubles for the purchase of pharmaceutical supplies. It will be seen, therefore, that the present budget exceeds that of 1860 by seven millions roubles.

### Lake Superior.

In the Northern part of Minnesota is the greatest elevation of what geologists denominate the eastern watershed of our continent; lying almost exactly in the centre of North America, here the streams that flow to the north, east, and south, find their source. Lake Superior, that joins this section on the east, is the chief of those magnificent lakes that empty from one another into the St. Lawrence, and finally wash the coast of Labrador.

Lake Superior, with a surface six hundred feet above, and a bottom three hundred feet below the level of the sea, stretches, in vastness and splendor, five hundred miles long by nearly two hundred broad; and holds in its bosom islands that would make respectable kingdoms in the old world. On the southern shore its sandstone rocks are worn by the waves and storms into fantastic shapes, imitative of ancient castles or modern vessels, or are hollowed out into deep caverns; on the north the bolder shore rises into rugged mountains, whose face has been seamed by the moving ice-drift of former ages. In the country bordering upon the south are located inexhaustible mines of copper and iron of immense value; and along the northern coast are found agates and precious stones.

A hundred streams pour their contents into the great lake, which from its enormous size and depth, retaining the temperature of winter through the summer months, empties its clear, cold, transparent waters into the river Ste Marie. Not producing a large variety of fish, those that dwell in its bosom are the finest of their species. The speckled trout, the Makinaw salmon, and the black bass are large and vigorous. Sturgeon are plentiful, although valueless except as an article of food; and the white fish are the daintiest fresh-water fish in the world.

### The Source of the Nile—A New Lake Discovered.

Foreign papers bring the following:

It is known to those who take an interest in African exploration that Mr. Samuel Baker, after meeting Speke and Grant at Gondokoro, on the White Nile, advanced southward in an attempt to extend the discoveries of those travelers. The following despatch from Mr. Hammond acquaints geographers with the discovery of another great Central African lake whence the Nile issues, and which has been named by Mr. Baker the Albert Nyanza. The Royal Geographical Society have recently awarded to Mr. Baker their Victoria gold medal for his spirited undertaking, entirely at his own cost. As one of the telegrams informs us that this second great Nilotic lake lies in north latitude 2 deg. 17 min., Sir R. Murchison says we may fairly surmise that it is the Luta Nzige, heard of by Speke and placed hypothetically in about its true position upon his map, but which he was prevented from examining.

*"Foreign Office, June 28, 1865.*

"SIR: I am directed by Earl Russell to acquaint you, for the information of the Geographical Society, that two telegrams, dated respectively the 27th and 28th instant, have been this day received at the Foreign Office, which, though imperfectly transmitted, clearly convey the following intelligence, which his Lordship has great pleasure in communicating through you, without delay, to the Society: Mr. Consul-General Colquhoun reports from Alexandria, that letters, dated the 10th of May, had been received from Khartum, stating that 'Mr. Baker has succeeded in discovering the second great source of the Nile—second, not in importance, but only in order of discovery, to the Victoria Nyanza of Speke.' Mr. Consul Stanley, also from Alexandria, speaks of the discovery as that of 'the second and main source of the Nile, in Lake Albert Nyanza, north latitude 2 deg. 17 min.' Mr. Baker was expected shortly to arrive at Alexandria. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,  
E. HAMMOND.

Sir Roderick I. Murchison."

### Our Merchant Marine—Grave and Significant Facts.

On Saturday there were in this port forty-nine ocean steamers. Of this number thirteen were flying the flag of foreign nations. There were one hundred and eight ships, nineteen were foreigners. Of barks there were one hundred and twenty-nine; seventy-six of them represented seven foreign nationalities. One hundred and twenty brigs lay along our docks; ninety of them were foreigners; and out of the number of seventy schooners we found twenty-eight of them to be of foreign register.

These facts are startling, and the subject demands the immediate attention of our merchants, on national as well as commercial grounds. We cannot afford, now that the war is over, and there is no longer any apprehensions from the destructive acts of the Anglo-Rebel privateers, to allow the carrying trade of this great producing and exporting country to be done by the tonnage of others nations, those who, in the time of our troubles, took every mean advantage of us, and succeeded in forcing our merchants to transfer to their flag and register our finest vessels to the number of a thousand or more, representing over half a million of tons.

This state of affairs should no longer exist. It behoves us as a nation, and it is our duty as Americans, to retain our own carrying trade, and it is not just to ourselves that we permit ships of foreign nations to monopolize this most important branch of our national greatness. Are we to sit down quietly and see the thousands of cargoes of breadstuffs and cotton depart from our shores in strange ships? Have we lost all of our former energy and enterprise? Do we lack capital, or the men fitted to accomplish great deeds in this commercial and mercantile duty? We know to the contrary; and now is the time to warn our merchants of the consequences of delay in the consideration of this subject.

The shipbuilders have, in a majority of cases, completed their contracts with the government, and are now ready to build ships such as were never constructed. Experience has shown them the requirements needed to make

a freight ship pay. One shipbuilder of this city will lay the keel of a large freight ship in a few days, on his own account, believing that the time is not far distant when the demand will be large for this kind of vessel. Who shall we record as being the *first* to begin the reform which will give the United States its legitimate position among commercial nations of the world?

The subject of passenger and mail service across the Atlantic is one which we hope will also be taken into serious consideration. It is almost five years since we had an American mail line between the United States and Europe, and four years have elapsed since the mail has been transported between the two countries on board of one of our vessels and under the protection of our flag. This order of things must also be changed without delay. An American line is needed. We are able to establish one. Our people will support it. Then let us have a line which shall eclipse the great lines now running as much as they do the lines of twenty years ago.

### Proposed Visit of Professor Agassiz to South America.

During a Lowell Institute lecture delivered by Professor Agassiz week before last, he remarked that he would like to visit the Andes in order to verify some of his theories respecting the glaciers and other geological matters. Nathaniel Thayer, Esq., who has taken much interest in the Museum of Comparative Zoology, was present, and immediately proposed to the professor to visit South America, taking such assistants as he chose, he, Mr. Thayer, offering to pay the expenses of the party. It is needless to say that the Professor gladly availed himself of this opportunity to realize this long hoped for pleasure, and will next week start from New York for Rio Janeiro to examine the Brazilian mountains, and from thence his course will extend westward, probably to the base of the Andes. He takes with him eight young men as assistants, students, &c., and the trip will be of incalculable benefit to science. Professor Agassiz has sailed in the steamer Colorado.



### The Central Africans.

At a missionary meeting lately held in England, the great African explorer, Dr. Livingstone, said: "I should like to answer a question that is often put to me. 'What sort of people are those you wander among?' Now I should like to tell you that they are very far from being savages. On the sea-coast they are rather blood-thirsty, especially those who have been in the slave-trade; but when you get about three hundred miles into the interior, you meet with people who are quite mild and hospitable. It is the duty of each man in the village to give every stranger his supper, and to show him every hospitality which lies in his power. These people are not engaged in hunting, as most inhabitants of this country think they are, but are employed in cultivating the soil. They also manufacture iron, smelting it from stone, and very excellent iron it is. I brought home with me the last time I was in England some of the ore, and the iron was manufactured into an excellent Enfield rifle. The quality was exceedingly good, and equal to the best Swedish iron. They also manufacture a superior quality of copper, also articles of earthen ware and basket-work. When we first go among this class of people, with the idea of their being savages, it is rather singular, but I believe true, that they rather believe we are savages. They do not understand where all the black people who are carried away go to. Thousands are taken away annually, and you cannot go anywhere without meeting with slave parties. The men carry what are called slave sticks, with a fork at the end of them, which are fastened around the necks of the captives, so that it is impossible for them to get out of them or get at the other end, by which they are tied to trees throughout the night. The people I am now speaking of imagine that the white people eat them. They look upon us as cannibals, and we look upon them as savages. Now, if we take an impartial view of both, we shall find that they are better than each imagines one another to be."—*African Repository*.

### Science and Art,

#### NEW MEASUREMENTS OF SEA DEPTHS.

Various sea soundings, made by the new telegraph company in England in preparation for the laying of the Atlantic submarine cable this summer reveal the following results:—The Baltic Sea between Germany and Sweden is only one hundred and twenty feet deep, and the Adriatic between Venice and Trieste, one hundred and thirty. The greatest depth of the channel between France and England does not exceed three hundred feet, while to the south-west of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than 2,000 feet. The seas to the south of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the Straits of Gibraltar the depth is only 1,000 feet, while a little more to the east it is 3,000. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6,000 feet. At two hundred and fifty miles south of Nantucket (south of Cape Cod) no bottom was found at 7,800 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern Ocean. To the west of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000 feet have been measured, and to the west of St. Helena 27,000 feet. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 26,000 feet, and of the Pacific at 29,000.—*C. Advocate and Journal*.

### Mangold Kraut or Swiss Chard.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* recommends this for greens. He says—

"Chard is equal to spinach. It is easy of cultivation; it harbors no insects, and is emphatically of clean habits. It is wonderfully productive. From a bed of fifteen feet long, containing five rows, the writer raised, in 1864, enough to supply a family of ten persons twice a week with greens from June to October, and gave at least ten bushels to his neighbors and a few messes to his cow. The seed was brought from Switzerland. Those who raise chard once will plant it every year, if they can procure seed. Cooked properly, it is delicious and wholesome; uncooked, it may be used as a substitute for lettuce."

### Take Notice.

Subscribers will find it decidedly to their advantage to observe the following rules:

In ordering the change of the post office address of your paper, always state the office to which it has been sent, as well as the one to which it *should be sent*.

In sending pay, state the amount enclosed, the name of the paper to be applied on, and whether you are, or are not then taking the paper.

Give your post office address. We don't care what town a subscriber lives in. We want his post office address,—where he gets his paper.

In ordering a paper to be stopped, always enclose pay—if but for a single number—for any copies not paid for, which have been or may be sent before the letter arrives at its destination. Without doing this, you have no right to expect your request will be complied with.

Never refuse to take a paper out of the post office. No publisher will send a paper to you if you don't want it. But all publishers expect to be informed when a paper should be stopped. This is the custom, and it is treating him wrongfully to refuse a paper and let it lie in the post office uncalled for, and no one who wishes to do right will do it.

For the want of the proper observance of these rules, publishers suffer the loss of hundreds of dollars every year; and where they are not observed, no one should complain because their requests are not complied with.

Write plainly, without abbreviations.—*Vt. Chronicle*.

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### The Use of Eggs.

The manufacture of kid leather (which by-the-by is made from lamb-skin) for gloves cannot be accomplished without the use of yolks of eggs, the oil of which softens the leather, and produces that exquisite pliability that enables the glove to fit close to the hand of the wearer. Every pair of kid gloves necessitates the destruction of two eggs for this purpose.—*Godey's Lady's Book*.

### Use of the Arms in Walking.

Dr. Dio Lewis, the noted professor of gymnastics, offers some good suggestions on this subject: The first time you are walking with your arms at liberty, stop moving them and hold them at your side. You will be surprised to find how soon your companion will leave you behind, although you may hurry, twist, wriggle, and try very hard to keep up. One reason for slow walk among girls is to be found in this practice of carrying the arms motionless. Three miles an hour, with the arms still, is as hard a work as four miles with the arms free. I have seen the queens of the stage walk. I have seen a few girls and women of queenly bearing walk in the street and drawing-room. They moved their arms in a free and graceful manner. Could this habit become universal among girls, their chests would enlarge and bearing be greatly improved. See that girl walking with both hands in her muff. How she wiggles and twists her shoulders and hips! This is because her arms are pinioned. Give them free swing, her gait would soon become graceful. You have seen pictures of muscle. Those of the upper part of the body, you remember, spread out from the shoulders, in all directions, like a fan. Now, if you hold the shoulders still, the muscles of the chest will shrink, the shoulders stoop, and the whole chest becomes thin and ugly. But some girls will say "swinging the arms must be very slight exercise." True, it is very slight if you swing the arms once or ten times, but if you swing them ten thousands times in a day you will obtain more exercise of the muscles of the chest than by all the ordinary movements combined. Indeed, if I were asked what exercise I thought most effective for developing the chest of American girls, I should reply at once, swinging the arms while walking.

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There are now in the English navy, twenty-six iron-clads afloat, of which eight are not completed, and six are building, together with five floating batteries.



### A Curious Cuisine.

The residents in the neighborhood of the hot springs of Smoky Valley have a convenient and cheap way of doing their cooking. The water coming out of the great depth of the springs, seems to be much hotter than water boiling in the open air. Those residing in the neighborhood habitually use it for everything that is done for boiling. Coffee and tea are almost constantly made by using this water direct, while meat, and that miners luxury, beans, suspended in a kettle or sack, are cooked with despatch and no danger of scorching. Lately the experiment of baking was tried; the *modus operandi* being to suspend the bake kettle or oven in the water, with the dough in the oven well covered, and leaving it for a few hours, when it was found baked in the very neatest manner, not having the dry hard crust as when baked by a fire. There is no need of fires at the springs, as all cooking and warming is done by the natural heat. This great curiosity is about fifty miles south of Austin, and will some day become a place of much resort.—*Resse River Reveille*.

### How the Rack was Abolished.

Torture, applied to extort confession, was discontinued, it is said, in the public courts of Portugal, in consequence of the following circumstance:

A conscientious judge, having observed the effect of the rack upon supposed criminals, in making them confess anything, to the sacrifice of their lives, to get released from the torture, determined to try an experiment. It is a capital crime, in that country, to kill a horse or mule, and he had one of the former which he much valued. He took care, one night, to have all his servants employed, so that no one but the groom could go into the stable. When all were fast asleep in their beds he stole thither himself and cut the horse so that he bled to death. The groom was apprehended, and committed to prison. He pleaded not guilty; but the presumption being strong against him, he was ordered to the rack, where the extremity of the torture soon wrung from him a confession of the crime. Upon this confession, he had

the sentence of hanging passed on him, when his master went to the tribunal and there exposed the fallibility of confessions obtained by such means, by owning the fact himself, and disclosing the motives which had influenced him in making the experiment.

### A Freak, and what came of it.

A larking young English nobleman, serving as midshipman in the Royal navy, lately carried his love of pranks so far as to get not only himself but his government into difficulty. While his ship was at Honolulu, after using up nearly all the dissipations of the place, he and his companions could not resist the temptation of capturing the emblem of America, the eagle that spreads its wings over the gateway of the United States Legation. This they removed from its position, sewed it up in a bag, and took it on board the ship, with the intent no doubt of carrying the trophy to England. But the perpetrators of the sacrilegious theft were discovered, and the outraged dignity of America satisfied by an ample reparation. The noble lord was constrained to replace, hammer in hand, and in the broad daylight, in the presence of the indignant, but amused, American residents, the bird he had so wantonly removed from its proud and inviolable position, and afterwards offer an humble apology to our consul as well as to his own commissioner. But even this did not satisfy Mr. Seward, and Earl Russell has apologized in the name of his Government for the wild young fellow's freaks. "Lawd Chawles," the hero of the above, is said to be a nephew of the Marquis of Waterford, who made himself notorious in New York some years ago by means of several midnight adventures of an interesting nature, it being his passion to prow around in the dark, smashing windows, wringing off door-knockers, and breaking things generally.

### Fashions.

A youngster and an old salt were conversing in a town in Devonshire. The boy was curious to know where all the fashions came from. "Why," said Jack, leisurely turning his quid,

"from Portsmouth, to be sure." "But where do the Portsmouth folks get them?" "From Brighton, I s'pose." "And where do the Brighton folks get them?" "From London, I reckon." "Well, where do the Londoners get them?" Jack was, by this time, getting a little uneasy under this steady fire of the youngster, but he managed to reply, "From Paris, of course." Even this did not satisfy the questioner, who immediately asked, "But where do the Paris folks get them?" This was too much. Jack turned upon him, and giving his trousers a hitch, exclaimed, "Why, right straight from Satan!"

### An Infuriated Elephant.

A furious Elephant has been committing frightful ravages in a north-western province of Hindostan. He was taken for a marriage procession, but suddenly became wild, and pulled down a number of huts and trees.—The next day he became wilder still, and one of the mahoots, in attempting to chain his legs, was seized by the trunk and trampled under foot, the elephant keeping the corpse of the man under his feet for two successive days, actually grinding it to dust. That very day he struck down a Brahmin and smashed his head; two other men were severely injured, and most of the inhabitants of Kotulpore have, it is said, run away from the village for fear of the brute.

### The Use of Riches.

The good that is in riches lies altogether in their use. If they are not broken, like a box of ointment, and poured out for the refreshment of Jesus Christ, on his distressed servants, they lose their worth. Therefore, the covetous man may justly write upon his rusting heaps, "These are good for nothing." St. Crysostom tells us that "he is not rich who lays up much, but he only who lays out much;" and that "it is the same thing not to have as not to use." I will, therefore, be the richer by a charitable laying out, while the worldling shall be the poorer by his covetous hoarding up. When thou,

O Lord, taketh the place of man, and from thy high abode, where thou dwellest among the praises of the blessed, askest my charity in the person of thy needy people, assist me to take thy place, and to give alms, of such things as I have. Teach me, in giving my alms, to give my mind, to give my heart; to commit to thee, not only a little portion of my property, but also my body, my soul, my salvation.

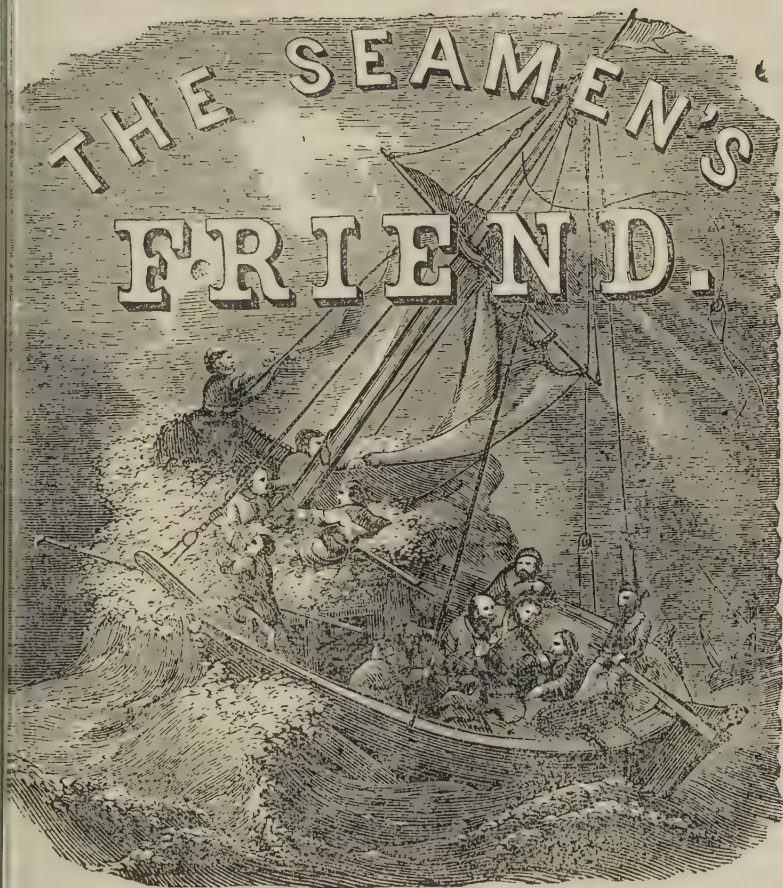
### John Randolph.

We give an incident in connection with Mr. Randolph's religious views, mentioned by Mr. Key in his account of the death of his admirable life-long friend, Daniel Murray, of the American Navy. The account is as follows:

"I remember being present at a conversation on the subject of religion between the late John Randolph and Commodore Decatur, who had known Mr. Murray while in the navy. The latter was expressing his difficulties about the universal sinfulness of man's nature. It surprised him that the very best people in the world should always speak of themselves as sinners. He mentioned his own mother as an instance, and then turning to me, said, 'There, too, is our friend Murray; you know what a man he is; who ever saw anything wrong in him? Is it not absurd to think of such a man as a sinner? And yet he accounts himself such.' I shall never forget Mr. Randolph's reply to this. He rose from his sofa, walked towards Decatur, stood before him, and in his emphatic manner said, to this effect: 'I well know how dark and unintelligible this subject appears to you, and why it is so. But I trust a time will come when you will know and feel it to be all true—true of all, true of yourself; when you will be self-arraigned and self-condemned; found guilty of sin—not of the sin of cowardice, falsehood, or any mean and dishonorable act, but at least of this, that you have had conferred upon you great and innumerable favors, and have requited your Benefactor with ingratitude. This will be guilt enough to humble you, and you will feel and own that you are a sinner.'"



# THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND.



CHRIST IN THE STORM.

MATT. VIII: 24, 25.

## For the Seamen's Friend. The Law and the Gospel.

The law pronounces condemnation and death.

Grace proclaims justification and life.

The law says, *This do and thou shalt live.*

Grace says, Live, and then thou shalt do.

The law says, *Pay me that thou owest.*

Grace says, I frankly forgive thee all.

The law says, *The wages of sin is death.*

Grace says, The gift of God is Eternal Life.

The law says, *The soul that sinneth it shall die.*

Grace says, He that believeth in the Son of God hath Everlasting Life.

The law says, *Make you a new heart and a new spirit.*

Grace says, A new heart will I give you, and a right spirit will I put within you.

The law says, *Fulfil the claims of God or thou shalt die and perish.*

Grace says, Christ has fulfilled all the claims of God's holiness, and

therefore, thou shalt live in immortality and glorious life.

The law *d demands holiness.*

Grace *gives* holiness.

The law says, *Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the Book of the Law to do them.*

Grace says, Blessed is the man whose iniquities are forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man to whom God will not impute sin.

The law says, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy strength, and with all thy might.*

Grace says—Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he first loved us, and gave His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

The law *speaks of what man must do for God.*

Grace tells us what Christ has done for man.

The law *d demands obedience by the terrors of the Lord.*

Grace beseeches men by the mercies of God.

The law *calls for the extorted service of a bondsman.*

Grace asks the loving service of a son and freeman.

We must come to the study of the Bible as pupils, not as judges; to find not what *ought* to be said, but what has God said; as enquirers after truth, not as advocates seeking for arguments. It must be studied with reference to the laws of language, as the words are human, while revealed thoughts are divine. *Man* needs to be spiritualized, not the Scripture. The Christian does not produce fruit, he only *bears* it. It is the life of Christ in the Christian that produces the fruit. All life is necessarily manifestive. The life of Christ in a Christian is essentially manifestive and where there is no manifestation there can be no life.

### Weighing Anchor.

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY needs funds for the following purposes:

1st—To re-occupy the Southern ports.

2d—To occupy new and important Foreign ports.

3d—To increase the number of sea Libraries, now over fourteen hundred.

Twelve dollars furnishes a ship's library. Life-membership, \$30; Life Directorship, \$100, which gives the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for life.

Donations may be sent to

SAMUEL BROWN, *Ass't Treasurer.*

80 Wall Street, New York.

The good old ship AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY having been overhauled and inspected is found seaworthy. She stands well at Lloyds, and is endorsed by our Insurance Companies as A, No. 1. As indicated above, she is about to sail on a voyage of mercy, visiting various ports in South America, France, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and the Sandwich Islands, where she is well known, and should the *supplies hold out*, she contemplates visiting numerous other ports teeming with commerce, in Cuba, Germany, Russia, China and Japan, where she will protect the sailors from the assaults of the land-sharks and convey to them the glad tidings of salvation.

### Mr. Byrne's Report for June and July.

NEW YORK, July 24, 1865.

REV. H. LOOMIS,

I have cause of gratitude to God, who still enables me to continue my humble efforts among the sons of the ocean, pointing them to the Lamb of God, who can save to the uttermost, all that come to him. During the past two months my heart has been



made glad by receiving the welcome news by letter of one and another of these dear sailors among whom I labor, being brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God; these men sunk in vice and wretchedness a few short months ago, now rejoicing in the Saviour's love, while I give God all the glory. I cannot but praise Him that he has societies of his faithful servants formed, who give all diligence to win the poor sailor from the ways that lead to eternal death, the longer I am in the work, the glorious work! I praise the Lord for counting me worthy to be a poor instrument in promoting His glory, and put it into the hearts of my dear brethren to provide for all my needs while laboring to win souls to Him.

I have been present to aid in our Sailors' Home meetings, on every occasion while in the city. I rejoice to say these meetings are still interesting, and my soul is always blest as the christian sailor speaks from the fulness of his heart of the great things the Lord has done for his soul. No meeting closes without some anxious ones rise to ask our prayers.

I visit the Home at 9 o'clock, A. M. and every evening to invite the sailors to the House of God, and furnish them with packages composed of religious reading matter, Tracts, Sailors' Magazines, Life-Boat and Friend, &c., &c., and I am happy to say I am supplied always through the Society and other christian friends who love the sailor.

I attend as usual five religious meetings through the week nights; two of these are held at our Pastor's house, 62 Pike-street, where the Lord has graciously blessed my labors, and our souls were refreshed in seeing souls awakened to a sense of their lost condition. Rev. Mr. Lewis conducts one of these meetings and feels much encouraged in his good work.

On Sabbath I attend to visiting the boarding houses, distributing Tracts and inviting the sailors to our services in our floating Church; the Lord has blest my effort in this work also, and our congregations are generally large. After service we distribute books to seamen leaving for sea; through the week I have seen from twenty to

twenty-seven sailors receive books on these occasions.

In company with Rev. Mr. Helland, I visit the Seamen's Retreat, where I converse with the afflicted sailors from ward to ward, leaving good reading with the poor suffering ones, and often have our spirits been refreshed as we have seen the falling tear flow down the weather beaten cheek of the hardy tar, as we told them of Jesus' dying love to sinners.

I made several visits through the past two months to the Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, and I trust, with some profit. I bless God that he permits me to spend all my time in this glorious work.

I give some aid to Mr. Helland, in providing officers and men before the mast to take charge of your libraries, and I rejoice to learn from seamen and others the great good done through this blessed part of your Society's work.

I visit poor afflicted families of seamen, which is the most painful part of my work, to look on the misery they temporally are in. I am thankful for the aid I have received from your Society to relieve their wants from time to time, also from a few christian friends who have given me the means to aid these poor sufferers in the time of need. It is a cause of gratitude to God that the sailor has so many friends in our midst who care for his spiritual and physical interest; but where are the friends of his poor suffering family? that family often left for long, long months, and sometimes years in heart-sickening suspense, wearily dragging out a subsistence while they hope against hope for the safe return of the father to aid them in their want and helplessness. Blessed be God! I know there are christian hearts that are ready to respond to their cries of sorrow, and I trust, dear sir, you will make an appeal through your valuable MAGAZINE in behalf of these poor widows of seamen, of whom there are so many at present in our city.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN BYRNE,

*Lay Missionary to Seamen.*

### Interesting Work among Seamen of the Navy.

REPORT OF REV. J. G. BASS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10, 1865.

REV. H. LOOMIS:

Dear Brother,—On my return to this city, May 14th, I found that brother Boughton had just left for the purpose of visiting his family, and had requested Rev. J. J. Abbott, Agent Christian Commission, to have the work among the seamen of the navy attended to during his absence. On my appearance it was suggested that I had better remain as the government was withdrawing the army and navy from City Point and Richmond and concentrating them here.

On visiting the navy yard and wharves I saw the wisdom of the suggestion, and have since been busily engaged among scores of vessels and hundreds of seamen providentially brought within the reach of my influence. Each and every government vessel, large and small, (within reach) have been liberally supplied with religious reading and the men with friendly and religious conversation as opportunity afforded, and in the event of any vessel leaving this port I have seen that sufficient reading was on board to employ the leisure time of the men and impress upon their hearts the claims of religion.

I have daily visited the "Loft," which has become a "large parish" of thoughtful men, just from the scenes of carnage and death; men who are willing and ready to receive the printed pages or the word of advice if given in the spirit of kindness. I have thus had from day to day, from two to five hundred (to-day, four hundred and seventy) men, among whom I could labor as a minister of the Lord Jesus, while I gave them the assurance *they are remembered at home*. And though circumstances prevent my holding religious services in this building as I desire, yet I have many opportunities for religious conversation each day, and am very soon surrounded by groups of anxious, and I trust, interested men and boys to whom the Holy Spirit will make words spoken, the seed of the kingdom sown in their hearts.

These men are unassigned seamen, or removed from vessels now out of commission; many of them are on the eve of being "*mustered out*" to return to their families and the peaceful avocations of life. The boys are principally apprentices awaiting their transfers. I have received kind attention and courteous treatment from the officers of the vessels and of the Loft.

Since my return to Washington we have had religious services on board of but two of the gun-boats, the larger number of the men being on shore, and these with others on ship-board are invited to the chapel, in which, (by request of Captain Morris, U. S. N.) I have preached every Sunday. Capt. Morris and a part of his family are regular attendants on these services; occasionally I have the presence of other officers and their families. On last Sunday, Commodore Montgomery was one of my hearers, and at the close of the service kindly thanked me for my interest in the seamen, and encouraged me to labor on. My congregations are as large as can reasonably be expected from the obscure position of the building and the close uncomfortable room used as a Chapel.

The hospital still receives a portion of my time and attention. I have, however, not been able to devote any time for the past month to the vessels of the merchant service, because of the urgent claims on *all* my time in the direction before indicated.

I had the honor on Monday evening last, as the Chaplain of your Society, to take part in the anniversary exercises of the "Washington City Bible Society." Brig. General Gregory and your Chaplain were the speakers.

Accompanying this I send you an account of my labors from March 28th to June 10th, inclusive, which I hope will meet your approval.

Yours in Christ,

J. G. BASS.

REPORT OF J. G. BASS.

*March 28th to June 10th, inclusive.*

Sermons preached,	26
Addresses,	5



Prayers at bed-side of sick,	13
Funerals attended	2
Letters written for sick,	3
Testaments distributed English,	244
"    "    German,	7
"    "    Swedish,	8
"    "    Norwegian,	9
"    "    Dutch,	2
"    "    Italian,	2
"    "    French,	1
"    "    Spanish,	6
Bibles	14
Hymn Books distributed, army	
and navy,	240
Soldiers' books distributed,	1,130
Spelling "    "	97
Bound "    "	12
Pamphlets and Magazines,	900
Soldiers' and Sailors' Almanacs,	505
Pages Tracts,	5,410
Religious papers,	5,180
Sheets Note paper,	727
Envelopes,	727

### Thirty-fifth Annual Report of the Concord, (N.H.) Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society.

LADIES:—Were it not for the worth and dignity of the seamen's cause and for the fact that "God's errands never fail," a report would seem unnecessary—pretentious even. A dozen women, (our average attendance is less); what can a dozen women do? They sewed with patient stitches and gave to the Home in Boston, eleven flannel and nine cotton shirts, eight sheets and eight pillow-cases, ten towels, four handkerchiefs and two quilts.

Some of you have seen a bit of bone carved in Libby prison,—a cross held with clasped hands,—a design which sometimes bears the legend, "I hold and am held." Am I wrong in saying that the few who have held constant to this cause find themselves attracted to it by closer ties and stronger affection? Benevolence ever flowing outward to bless, has, like the sea's waves, a reflux force to bless its source.

At the beginning of the year we sent a venture out upon the sea—the treasure of two libraries—and we have faith that some souls will win the good fortune of finding therein the bread of life.

We congratulate our noble soldier-seamen that "hospital Jack's" appeal

was heard, and that the effort to secure funds for a National Home for seamen disabled by the war proved most successful. I think no one will deny that the \$633 62 forwarded for that object from this city was secured by the labor of our Society.

One member, Miss Hannah H. Page has been transferred to the honored membership, ever increasing in the celestial city.

Exempted by our inland locality it is only at rare intervals that our community suffers loss from the sea. But in the last year two of our young men of high promise, just entering upon life's active duties, and both greatly beloved, the one an only, the other an eldest son, have made the unreturning voyage. George A. Parker, Assistant Surgeon in the navy, attending a party of sick soldiers home on the "De Soto," only reached his native State to die in port of yellow fever.

George B. Lang was one of the passengers on the ill-fated steamer Melville. "A sea change into something rich and strange," wrote one who was himself the sea's victim. You remember that wonderful prayer-meeting held on floating pieces of the wreck whence prayer and song ascended, opening heaven's gates, till all voices were hushed and silence fell on the icy billows. Some day all the mysterious fathomless tides of the undertow of sorrow shall be made luminous, meanwhile it suffices us that

"Deep below as high above  
Sweeps the circle of God's love."

Nor would we forget that this year the heart of the sea has budded and brought forth flowers of poesy. England's royal laureate sings, and all the world listens to the joys and woes of the sailor's life and love.

Spring buds are the prophecy and pledge of summer's richness; autumn's fruitage from the teeming sea. Can you doubt it? The Egyptian symbol of the impossible was a man's feet resting on the waves. We know that Christ trod on the sublime reality, and to him all things are possible.

We are living in one of the seed-times of the ages. God is driving deep the ploughshare to uproot all evils. Let it comfort us that He who never wastes His work finds our nation a

soil worth his ploughing. Let us put in the right seed, and not only the land but the sea also shall be crowned with golden sheaves in the glorious harvest home of the coming future.

One of our own poets has depicted our Ship of State adrift in the darkness and the storm, yet saved from wreck by the Freedmen's prayers, with consecrated banner, God's hand the rudder, His breath in the sails, the shadowy hands of olden saints pulling at the ropes, while martyrs uplift palm and crown, and unborn generations send benedictions.

Since he wrote, the tornado has burst over us. Our beloved and honored pilot is smitten down by violence, and suddenly, the shoutings and peals of bells and roar of cannon in the unparalleled rejoicing of victory, are muffled in the hush of horror, the wail of bitter lamentation; the very air aflame before gathers blackness heavily draped in mourning weeds; the great heart of the nation stands still,—then throbbing slowly, sadly follows to the tomb the Honest Man.

The lightning smote beyond the poet's vision, but he saw the morning's coming and the port revealed, when

"All the bells of God shall ring  
The good ship bravely in."

ALMA J. HERBERT, *Sec.*

Concord, N. H., May 17, 1865.

### Rev. Jonathan Greenleaf, D. D.

Rev. Jonathan Greenleaf was born in the State of Maine, and his first settlement was in the town of Wells, in 1814, from which place he removed in 1828, to Boston, and founded and built up the Mariner's Church; thence to New York, in 1833, to be secretary of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Resigning this office in 1841, when he was nearly sixty years of age, the churches of course thought him *too old* to draw, and they did not call him. He went in to a new and growing part of the city of Brooklyn, hired a hall, stirred up the people to come, preached the Gospel, built a church, gathered a congregation, taught, fed, and blessed them, till death called him away. In a remarkable degree he retained his vivacity in old age.

Always lively, genial, quaint, and often humorous, overflowing with pleasing anecdotes of men and old times, he was a pleasant companion and a warm friend. In the church he was a man of peace and a peace-maker. With decided opinions and ability to enforce them, he was so gentle in his persuasions, so kind in his self-assertions, so moderate in his language, that he conciliated all by his manner, for no one could doubt his sincerity and piety, and few questioned his judgment.

At his funeral a large number of the clergy being present in the lecture-room of the church prior to the public services, Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D. D., was called to the chair, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. S. I. Prime, Vandyke, and Eells, were appointed to prepare a minute expressive of the feelings of the brethren.

We have room for only one of several resolutions.

2. They would accord their high appreciation of those sterling qualities of mind and heart that made him so wise and prudent in counsel, so tender, affectionate, and useful in the relations of social life, so able, instructive, and successful in the ministry of the Word; illustrating in his walk and conversation, in his house and his flock, the character of the good shepherd; and of whom, so far as the eye of human friendship could see, it may be said that he was "an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile."

N. Y. Observer.

We were appointed Agent of the New York Marine Bible Society, about the time Mr. Greenleaf commenced his labors as Corresponding Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and he invited us to occupy a desk in the office, then in the wing of the South Baptist Church in Nassau Street, which we have continued to do under different arrangements to the present time. This was an important epoch in the history of the Society, and Mr. Greenleaf brought to the aid of the cause a clear head and a warm heart.



during his term of service, the lot for the Sailors' Home in Cherry Street was secured, and he was instrumental in procuring a large sum for that special object. Many a sailor now enjoying the fruits of his labors, will remember him with gratitude.

L. P. H.

### The Young Mariner.

The following is a truthful narrative of an incident that occurred near Liverpool, England:

A youth, about seventeen years of age, called upon a young man to purchase a tract. He was asked if he had been at any of the services on board a ship. He said "yes, the last evening only. Yesterday I landed from my voyage; and this afternoon I am bound to Scotland to see my friends. My visit to the Bethel Chapel has been the means of great comfort to my mind." "I am glad you found it so," said the secretary. "Were you unhappy?" "I will relate sir," said he, "what took place during my voyage. I sailed from London in a Scotch vessel for the West Indies, as second mate—the most wicked wretch that ever sailed on salt water, chiefly for swearing. Our captain, though a good seaman, and kind to his ship's company, cared neither for his own soul nor for the souls of his ship's crew. We had been at sea about sixteen days, when one night, it was my watch on deck; the night was dark and lowering, and but little wind at the time; we had most of our lower sails set; I was walking fore and aft on the leeward side of the ship, when a sudden puff of wind caused the vessel to give a heavy lurch. Not prepared to meet it, I was capsized, and came right against one of the stanchions. Feeling much hurt, I gave vent to my anger by a dreadful oath, cursing the wind, the ship, the sea, and, awful to mention, the Being who made them! Scarcely had this horrid oath escaped my lips, when it seemed to roll back upon my mind with so frightful an image, that for a moment or two I thought I saw the sea parting and the vessel going down. I took

the helm from the helmsman, and put the ship's head close to the wind. All that night my awful oath was passing before my eyes, like a spectre, and its consequences appeared to be my certain damnation. For many days I was miserable. Ashamed to own the cause, I asked one of the men if he had any book to lend me to read. He offered me a French novel by Rousseau. I asked if he had a Testament or Bible. He answered by asking if I were going to die? For his part, he said, he never troubled his head about Bibles or prayer-books—he left all these matters to the priest, with whom he left part of his pay, to pray for him; if I had done so, I should not be so squeamish. The captain, I knew, had a Bible, but I was unwilling to ask him the loan of it.

Several days thus passed in the greatest torment, this dreadful oath always before me, haunting me like the ghost of the murdered. I could not pray; indeed I thought it of no use. On the fifth day, I was turning over some things in my chest, when I found some trifles I had purchased for sea stock, wrapped in paper—in this piece of paper," putting his hand at the same time into his jacket pocket, and from a small red case pulling out the paper, which was a leaf of the Bible, containing nearly the whole of the first chapter of Isaiah. "Oh, how my heart throbbed when I found it a piece of the Bible!" At that moment tears fell from his eyes, and he pressed the leaf to his bosom. "But sir," continued he, "conceive what I felt when I read these words: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'" Here he paused to wipe the tears away. "Oh, sir," he added, "like a drowning man, I clung to the life-buoy. I then prayed, and the Lord was graciously pleased to remove, in some measure, the great guilt from my conscience, though I continued mournful and bowed down, until last evening on board the Mayflower, I stowed away with the Bethel company. I felt much comforted in the service. It deeply affected me, and I now humbly trust that the Lord has forgiven my great sin."

Reader, consider this instance of the value of a single fragment of the sacred Scriptures; and let me beg you to read the chapter which was made so great a blessing to the young man. And may the spirit of God so stamp it on your mind, that it may lead you to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. And do not be content with reading this chapter simply, but read attentively and prayerfully the whole Bible.

#### The Mate and his Mother.

"When I was eighteen," said the mate, I determined I would go to sea. My father's positive refusal did not change my mind; but there was my dear old mother, how could I leave her? It was a hard struggle. My desire for an ocean life conquered. I ran away. I never saw her again. As soon as I had shipped I wrote her where I was, the name of the ship, where bound, and when and where we expected to return.

"How often during the voyage did I think of home, of mother. Time wore away, we were homeward bound, 'Land ahead! land ahead!' sung out the watch on the 'foretop,' and the morning showed us our native land looming up in the distance. We let go our anchor in the stream, and soon as I could be released I hurried to the post-office, and there was a letter from my good mother waiting for me, telling me how much she loved, thought, and prayed for me, and giving me lots of good advice. I answered it immediately, informing her to what port the vessel was next bound, and where a letter would meet me on my return.

"Thus, for four years and a half I never failed, when I reached port from a voyage, of finding a letter from mother there.

"At the end of that time I went as usual to the office after returning from a long voyage. There was a letter, but not in my mother's handwriting. I trembled with fearful forebodings; hurriedly broke it open; it was a request I should return immediately as mother wished to see her son before she died. Night and day I travelled, and late one evening reached home. I hastily opened the door, looked round, mother was not there. 'Where's mother?' I asked. No one

answered. 'Tell me where's mother?' 'She is dead and buried,' was the reply. Oh, what I felt! Home's last charm had perished; it was now no home for me. I sought her grave, and in a few hours left home forever.—Thousands of times have I thought of her since—of her advice and her prayers. I hope I may meet her above." God grant that hope may be realized.

#### Steamboat Explosions.

A few days ago the boiler of the Steamboat *Arrow* exploded in the North River, killing the fireman and scalding many passengers. In the panic that ensued, several leaped overboard and were drowned. Five bodies have been found. They were persons of great respectability, and their sudden death has carried sorrow into many families.

She was a boat that plied between the city and the towns on both banks of the river to Haverstraw. We have been on board of her frequently during the summer. She was commanded by an able, skilful, and faithful captain, with competent and excellent mate, clerks, pilot, &c. Nothing has been wanting on their part to make the passage agreeable. But it was generally understood that the boat was superannuated and not safe. The day before the accident we were on board, and the question was asked, "What becomes of old steamboats; do they continue to run on from year to year till they blow up, or do they subside, sink, evaporate, or what?" We were then sitting by the boiler, and the probability of an explosion was under discussion.

Now it is not to be supposed that owners or officers regarded her unsafe, for they trusted their own lives and property on board of her; but they are so familiar with steamboats that they would consider one safe that others would not trust. And the Government Inspectors had recently examined her, and had regulated the amount of steam she was to carry. So the responsibility might fairly be divided between owners and inspectors.

The blame is to be laid on them and on that wrong public sentiment pre-



vailing to a greater degree in our country than in any other civilized land, which makes every man his own keeper, which says that if a man goes on a boat or a railroad he takes his own risk; if he is afraid of being killed, let him go on foot or stay at home. To this add a recklessness of human life, unknown elsewhere, and we have the reasons why unsafe steamboats are kept in use, why so many railroad accidents occur, and no one is to be blamed. There is a great wrong here. It is a dreadful crime to take human life without law. It is a fearful thing to send anguish into five or six families by suddenly destroying a father or mother, a son or daughter. And to every right-hearted person, it would be life-long grief that he had been instrumental by carelessness, avarice, or neglect, in inflicting such a calamity.

We need more stringent laws; but these will be ineffectual so long as human life is held so cheap as it now is in this country. The war has increased this recklessness, as war always does. The vast increase of bloody crimes is fairly attributable to this cause, but we must not suppose the evil is beyond remedy.—*N. Y. Obs.*

### The True Man.

Reader, let us weigh ourselves in this balance, and see if we are entitled to this label: He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to mean fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapon in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of inuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Paper not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at his window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He professes no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, no-

tices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted, himself out of sight, near the thinnest partition, anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He insults no man. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly. In short, whatever he judges honorable he practices towards every man.

### The Old Sailor and the Great Admiral.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

I've come to be a broken down  
And useless hulk at last,  
Too feeble for another cruise,  
My working days are past.  
I've sailed the seas for forty years,  
And met the tempest's rage,  
But now am stranded high and dry,  
To die in my old age;  
O, verily! if none below  
Will kindly care for me,  
I'll go to the Great Admiral  
Who ruleth every sea.

I used to think it hardly worth  
My while to go to him,  
But latterly my strength has failed,  
My sight is getting dim;  
And every body pushes me  
Aside with little care,  
How well or ill a sailor old  
And broken down may fare.  
It seems, at last, that high and low  
Have all forsaken me,  
Except the Mighty Admiral  
Who ruleth every sea.

Methinks that I have lately seen,  
Along the sunset sky,  
Though not regarding it before,  
His lofty pennant fly,  
And when the raging storm has swept  
Around our ocean path,  
I've heard his rolling signal guns  
Above the ocean's wrath;  
And who will care so tenderly  
For sailors such as we,  
As He whose mighty arm controls  
The billows of the sea?

I've faced the howling tempest when  
The bravest bent the knee,  
I've seen as noble ships go down  
As ever sailed the sea;  
And many a messmate, dear to me,  
Has found a watery grave,  
When I was nigh and heard his cry,  
But had not power to save;  
Through all my life has been preserved,  
Forever kind to me,  
Has been the Mighty Admiral  
Who ruleth every sea.

And more and more I seem to feel  
My loneliness depart,  
As more and more I breathe to Him  
The sorrows of my heart.  
O! messmates, there is One above  
Who'll lend a helping hand,  
Whatever troubles may arise  
On sea or on the land;  
One who, when earth is done with us,  
Will care for such as we,  
It is the Mighty Admiral  
Who ruleth every sea.—*N. H. Telegraph.*

### Restoring an Ancient Seaport.

The Sultan of Turkey has granted the privilege to an English company of forming a commercial port at Seleucia in Syria, near the mouth of the Orontes, and has given a guarantee of eight per cent. on a capital of \$6,500,000, to be devoted to the construction of a railroad from Seleucia to Aleppo. This road will be the western portion of a line from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, a most important connecting link between England and its East India possessions. Seleucia, the port of the wealthy and splendid city of Antioch, once rivalled every other port in the world. In the days of its prosperity, Paul and Barnabas sailed from it on the first Christian mission to the Gentiles, the first foreign mission of the Christian Church. Referring to this restoration of this old port, now in ruins, a daily journal eloquently says, "Nearly two thousand years have passed, and the civilization which traces its origin to the mission of Paul and Barnabas from the port of Seleucia, now proposes to exhibit its greatest earthly triumphs on that very spot; and the stones which the sea has scattered will be gathered to gether again, and the echo of the footsteps of Paul will be the thunder of the railway."

### "Another Nail in your Coffin."

A young nephew of my father's captain sailed with them a long voyage around the globe, and was a favorite with all, but was sadly intemperate. Whenever he took a glass of grog, Captain Brintnell was accustomed to say, "Ah, Ned, there's another nail in your coffin." And so it proved; for the poor lad so poisoned and fired his blood that he could not stand the heat of the tropical sun, and he sank under exposure to it, and died the miserable death of the drunkard.

They put into a little lonely island, and made him a grave under the green sward; but no loving mother or gentle sister could weep over it; no psalm was sung, no prayer offered. The nails had all been driven in that rough coffin, and he was laid to rest in it until the resurrection morning.

And so thousands are busy to-day driving with vigorous blows the nails in their own coffins. That soldier who feeds his growing taste on strong drink is almost surely preparing himself a coffin should he ever be wounded, or any illness cause him to be taken to the hospital.

Said one well conversant with soldier life: "The sick and wounded 'cold water men,' always stood disease, and wounds, and operations, better than those who drink liquor. Diseases of the camp, wounds and amputations were but death warrants for drunkards."—*S. S. Times.*

### A Man who thought he Never Prayed.

The Rev. Mr. Kilpin passed a very profane man, and, having omitted to rebuke him, he awaited him in the morning at the same place.

When he approached, Mr. Kilpin said, "Good morning, my friend; you are the person I have been waiting for."

"O! sir," said the man, "you are mistaken, I think."

"I do not know you; but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you."

"Sir, you are mistaken; it could not have been me; I never saw you in my life before that I know of."

"Well, my friend," said Mr. Kilpin, "I heard you pray last night."

"Now I assure you that you are mistaken, I never prayed in all my life."

"O!" said Mr. Kilpin, "If God had answered your prayer last night, you had not been seen here this morning. I heard you pray that God would destroy your eyes, and ruin your soul."

The man turned pale, and, trembling, said, "Do you call *that* prayer? I did, I did."

"Well, then my errand this morning is to request you from this day to pray as fervently for your salvation as you have done for damnation; and may God in mercy hear your prayer."

The man from that time became an attendant on Mr. Kilpin's ministry, and it ended in his early conversion to God.



**Born Again.**

On board U. S. S. "Pensacola,"  
Off New Orleans, March 25, 1864.

Rev. P. BOUGHTON,

*Southern Secretary, &c.*

Sir,—In compliance with your request, I will just state that I left my home in great haste, being obliged to leave nearly all my clothing behind, to be sent on to New York, by express. I had, several times previous to my leaving home, told my parents that liquor was such a great temptation to me, that I thought some of yielding a little to it; that I had resisted it for some six years, and found it just as strong now as I did at first, and could not look a-head to any time when it would cease to be a temptation.

When I received my clothing I was deeply affected by finding two books with it, namely, "Temperance Tales," and Rev. R. W. Clarke's "Lectures to Young Men." I knew that they were put in there on account of the assertions I had made. I then thought that those assertions might have caused more anxiety than I was aware of, therefore I resolved to read them. Through reading those I was brought to think seriously of my position, and induced to read Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and thereby brought to the "feet of Jesus" and the "Cross" for pardon, which I soon obtained, and was, indeed, "born again."

I then felt desirous that others should partake of this love which I had just experienced, and took charge of the library on board, and delivered out the books, and all the tracts sent to the vessel, which were all read; some of the crew read aloud to those who could not. About four weeks ago I took charge of the libraries on board this vessel, and took a week to get the books ready for distribution. Since then, I have kept between fifty and sixty books out all the time, changing some every day.

Thus, you have a brief account of my conversion, which, although it be not very remarkable, I trust is genuine. Soliciting an interest in your prayers, I remain your friend and brother "Soldier of the Cross,"

W. H. S.

**Justification by Faith.**

We never receive the full benefit of the redemption purchased by Christ until we are entirely rid of a legal spirit. Slow pupils that we are in his school, we do not realize how full and free is the salvation which is offered. Sometimes a ray of light shoots through the darkness—a glimpse of truth comes direct from the throne of God.

Full of sin, empty of righteousness, we are yet apt to attach to our imperfect duties some idea of merit. This must be rooted out. The last vestige of self-righteousness must be renounced, before we can feel, in our own experience, the fullness and freedom of salvation.

If we look within, we find in ourselves no ground of justification whatever. We feel our need of it, we seek it in another. We not only approve, but rejoice in the way of salvation by Christ. On this ground there is rest, there is peace, there is hope. We look away from that fountain of iniquity—the heart, to Christ, the fountain of mercy, and desire that the sweet incense of love and gratitude to this Saviour may burn with an undying flame upon the altar of a broken heart and a contrite spirit.

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**The Sailors' Magazine for Gratuitous Circulation among Seamen.**

From long experience we are well satisfied that no publications are more welcome to the sailor than those of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and with a view to give them a wide circulation, we propose to our friends who wish to contribute for this special object, to distribute at the rate of 100 copies of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for \$4; 100 copies of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND for \$1 25; 100 copies of the LIFE BOAT for 30 cents.

All donations should be sent to

SAMUEL BROWN, *Ass't Treasurer,*  
80 Wall St., New York.

### Change in Memberships.

Our friends should carefully observe that the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, at the annual meeting in May last, changed the terms of Membership as follows: \$5 constitutes an Annual Member; \$30 a Life Member; \$100 a Life Director. Life Members and Life Directors are entitled to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for life.

### Receipts for August, 1865.

#### MAINE.

Portland, Friends, for Ships' Libraries...	24 00
Wells, Mrs. H. Gooch.....	10 00
" " Anonymous.....	2 50

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Alstead, Friends.....	2 70
Candia Village, Richard H. Page.....	5 00
Claremont, Cong. Ch, const. Thomas D. Ellis, L. M.....	71 69
" Baptist Church.....	13 80
Gilsom, Congregational Church.....	3 00
Hampton, ".....	28 85
Hollis, " (add).....	2 50
Kensington, Pastor's family.....	2 00
Nashua, Olive-street Church.....	26 85
Paper Mill Village, Rev. D. Adams.....	2 00

#### VERMONT.

Manchester, Congregational Church.....	52 00
" " Baptist Church.....	3 13
Royalston, S. School.....	25 45
South Royalston, Friends.....	16 00
St. Johnsbury, N. Church.....	23 58
White River Village, Friends.....	29 10

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

Brookline, Friends, for Ships' Libraries.....	25 00
Chelsea, Westminster Church.....	83 78
Clinton, First Church S. School.....	8 35
" " Mary Sawyer.....	3 00
Curtisville, Cong. Church.....	5 55
Danvers, late Betsey Putnam.....	188 00
East Cambridge, Friends.....	5 00
Florence, A. L. Williston.....	100 00
Lincoln, Mary Child.....	20 00
Long Meadow, Gen'l Association.....	51 00
Lowell, Appleton-street Church, const. James G. Butrick, L. M.....	40 00
Methuen, First Church, \$28 61 from S. School, all for Ships' Libraries.....	46 46
Milford, Cong. Church.....	36 76
Natic, Cong. Church, three Ships' Libraries.....	72 43
New Braintree, Friends.....	12 00
Oakham, Cong. Church.....	18 18
Reading, Bethesda Church.....	24 30
Southboro, Friends.....	24 00
South Danvers, Cong. Church.....	38 17
Stockbridge, Friend.....	5 00
Upton, Friend.....	1 00
West Fitchburg, Alien M. Sawyer, const. George H. Collins, of Lemster, N. H., Life Member.....	60 00
Westfield, First Church.....	29 00
" " Second ".....	16 87
Whately, Friends.....	12 50

#### CONNECTICUT.

Bridgeport, Second Cong. Church, const. Rev. Daniel Lord, L. M.....	35 00
Gilard, Cong. S. School.....	6 50
Hartford, Cong. Church, const. Charles E. Steele, L. M.....	35 41
Plainville, Jehiel Robbins, const. L. M. by Cong. Church, (amount prev. paid).....	

Simsbury, Cong. Church.....	6 86
Southbury, C. G. Bostwick.....	5 00
Stamford, A. McKenzie, const. Laura McKenzie, L. M., (balance).....	10 00
Stratford, Cong. Church.....	86 50
Terrville, Cong. Church, const. George E. Merriman, L. M.....	22 00
Westport, Cong. Church.....	37 90
Woodbury, North Cong. Church.....	15 65
" " South ".....	14 15

#### NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Church of the Pilgrims.....	319 68
Champlain, Pres. Church (in part).....	11 64
" " S. School, \$24; from class No. 13, all for Ships' Libraries.....	53 54
Champlain, Meth. Ep Church.....	21 78
Champlain Village, Meth. S. School.....	12 70
Coila, John M. Stevenson.....	5 03
Flatlands, Dea. Henry Suydam, Reformed Dutch Church, for "The Suydam's Ship's Library.....	12 00
Lafayette, S. School, for Ship's Library.....	12 00
Massena, Presbyterian Church.....	6 00
" " Meth. Ep Church.....	9 91
Malone, Presbyterian Church.....	51 05
" " Meth. Ep Church.....	7 33
New York City, Friend.....	25 00
M. Armstrong.....	10 00
L. T. Merrill.....	10 00
S. Gandy.....	50 00
J. H. Johnston.....	10 00
Ogdensburg, Presbyterian Church.....	36 15
Peekskill, " S. School, for Ship's Library.....	15 25
Rome, Presbyterian S. School.....	72 26
Southampton, Presbyterian Church.....	48 76

#### NEW JERSEY.

Newark, Second Presbyterian S. School, two Ship's Libraries.....	24 00
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#### PENNSYLVANIA.

West Philadelphia, Rev. Charles H. Ewing.....	5 00
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#### DELAWARE.

Wilmington, a Friend, for circulating Sailors' Magazine.....	2 00
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#### WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fort Dupont, John O. Niles, A. A. Surgeon, U. S. A., const. Lot Norton, of Lakeville, Ct., Life member, (balance).....	20 00
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#### OHIO.

Bellbrook, Daniel Holmes.....	5 00
" " Andrew & W. M. Holmes.....	2 00

#### MINNESOTA.

Lewiston, Conrad Stegner.....	20 00
St. Anthony's Falls, Friend, for circulating Sailors' Magazine.....	4 00

#### CALIFORNIA.

Healdsburg, Union Meeting.....	12 50
Mendocino, Presbyterian Church.....	100 00
Sacramento, Cong. Church.....	32 00
San Francisco, Pacific Mail S. Ship Co.....	500 00
California Steam Navigation Co.....	100 00
Benjamin Halliday.....	50 00
Mariner's Church.....	240 00
First Cong. Church.....	147 50
Howard Presbyterian Church.....	65 05
Trinity Church.....	30 00
Sundry Friends.....	15 45

\$3,727 02

#### FOR THE BOSTON SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

From Concord, Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, sent May, 1865:—

2 Quilts.....	\$16 00
11 Flannel Shirts.....	55 00
9 Calico Shirts.....	19 25
8 Sheets.....	16 52
3 Pillow Cases.....	4 67
10 Towels.....	2 50
4 Handkerchiefs.....	1 50
Mrs. Ide, for room at Sailors' Home.....	6 50

\$121 94



# THE LIFE BOAT



Oct., 1865.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. (Vol. 6.—No. 10.)

## Loan Library Reports.

From the numerous reports of our sea librarians we have only room for the following :

### LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

Library, No. ....1428.....  
Shipped on....Br. Bark *Agra*.....  
Port of....*Aspinwall*.....  
Number of crew....*Sixteen*.....  
Number of readers....*Nine*.....  
Number of Books read....*Seventy-six*.....  
Other facts and explanations.....

Brooklyn, July 18th, 1865.

To the Secretary of the American  
Seamen's Friend Society.

Please find inclosed two dollars for the benefit of the Society. We return library No. 1428 left on board the barque *Agra*, by Captain Weston Wade, who had shipped as mate, but left a few days before we sailed. We were bound for Aspinwall, thence to Cuba, where I lent a number of the books ; they were liked very much, and returned safe to the library. I have nothing more to add, except that with the library, we return our sincere thanks to you all for your kindness in trying to make those happy that are, on the wide ocean, far from the house of God.

I trust that God will bless and prosper the Society that is doing so much good. Yours respectfully,

SADIE SHAW.

## "NO MORE SPIRITS."

No. 880—The sailor having this library in charge, writes—"The books have been a source of great pleasure to us. We should have spent many a lonesome hour without them. I hope they have been the means of doing much good. 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and the 'Temperance Tales' have been very useful. Some have resolved to drink no more spirits."

No. 837—Returned in good condition, and has gone to sea in the hands of a young convert from the Chelsea Hospital.

No. 731 and 742—Worn out by use.

No. 733 — Returned much worn. Refitted and sent to sea.

No. 848—Returned, books read with great profit. Gone to sea in schooner *Nellie*, for Washington.

No. 893—Lost on board the steamer *Merrimac* on the coast of Florida, Feb. 15th, 1864.

No. 981—Has been read with great interest by officers and crew.

No. 219—Returned, with 4 books missing. "Much good has been accomplished by it."

No. 219—Has returned ; giving evidence of having been much used. "It has been very useful." It has been refitted and sent to sea on the barque *Roamerang*, for Europe ; 12 men.

### Smoking Again.

I noticed your problem on "Segar Smoking" in the *Life Boat* for June, but as I am an "old boy," will not undertake to solve it, but will give you a little of my experience. I began to chew at the age of twelve. It made me very sick, but I was determined to "fight it out on that line," and soon got so that I enjoyed my quid. A few years later I commenced smoking. The habit grew upon me till I was smoking a large portion of the time except when asleep. At length I united with the Church under the ministry of Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D.D. Very soon the question arose whether it was right for a professor of religion to indulge in such a filthy and disgusting habit as chewing tobacco, and I was not long in deciding that it was not, and abandoned it, though it cost me a severe struggle; for weeks after I would involuntarily feel in the corners of my vest pocket for any little crumbs that might have lodged there, but I at last conquered. I still, however, enjoyed the segar.

Just at this time I met a friend who was studying for the ministry. I was puffing away at the segar as usual, when he looked up with a countenance that I shall never forget, and said, "brother H., it don't look well to see a member of the Church smoking." "You are right," said I; and, taking the segar from my mouth, threw it into the gutter. A third of a century has rolled away, but that was the last segar I ever smoked. I was emancipated from a slavery worse than Egyptian bondage.

I then commenced saving the money that I had been so long squandering for tobacco, and I will close by telling the boys what I did with it, and I think they will see that it is neither wise or expedient to commence the expensive, demoralizing habit of smoking or chewing tobacco. I deposited my money in that excellent institution, the Seamen's Bank for Savings, and it was astonishing to see how the interest increased the amount.

We had long lived in the city; but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life, from their annual visit to their grandfathers, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant

place in the country for sale. There were over two acres of land, with shade and fruit trees, a good garden, a fine view of Long Island Sound—near the academy, churches, schools, &c., &c. The segar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to \$6,500, a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine.

I wish the boys, who read the *Life Boat*, could see how the children enjoy their home, as they watch the great steamers, and the vessels with their white sails, as they course along the Sound. It was a special wonder when they saw the Great Eastern pass on her way to Europe. Just before or after a storm we hear very distinctly the roar of old ocean. There is wonderful power and majesty in that distant sound. It is then that we think of the perils of the sea, and lift up our hearts to God for his protecting care of the sailors. Nor are the children less interested in the cow and calf, chickens, pigeons, rabbits, &c. They enjoy their plays and sports on the green grass, which gives them health and happiness. Here the war-worn soldier boy was welcomed home from the battle field, after years of absence, crowned with victory.

Now, boys, you must take your choice, smoking without a home—or a home without smoking. L. P. H.

### Immediately at Land.

"I think I'll soon be at land now. It seems to me I hear His step on the water at nights. I suppose He comes for other people in the village. But some night soon He'll be coming for me. And I'll receive him willingly, like the disciples that night; so willingly, and then I will be immediately at land; at land, at last, for ever."

Gracie looked far out to sea as she spoke, and the sun shone on her fair hair.

"You might read about that night again. I like to hear it over and over. Read it from my little old Bible, you'll find the mark at the place."

I took the Bible, and it opened at John vi. One verse was underlined, and a date was written against it, in a school-girl's hand—Gracie's hand.

"Then they willingly received him into the ship, and immediately the



ship was at land whither they went."

"Isn't it beautiful!" said Gracie, her eyes shining; "just at the moment they received Jesus on board, they were at land. But do read it all."

I read the account of how Jesus departed to a mountain alone to pray; how the disciples were tossed on the sea with contrary winds, and it was now dark, and Jesus was not come unto them: and then of His coming; and how, when they willingly received Him, immediately they were at land. And, as I closed the book, I added, "Then are they glad, because they be quiet, so He bringeth them to their desired haven."

"Yes, yes," said Gracie eagerly, "so He bringeth them; so He will bring me. It doesn't seem dreadful, does it? Just Jesus coming, and our willingly receiving Him, and then at once,—Land—Heaven. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Then, putting her arm around me, as I knelt beside her sofa, Gracie went on more calmly,—“That has come true to me once before in another way. Do you remember just after—after mamma died, how unhappy I was? It wasn't only that I was grieving after her. But I felt as if she was quite *lost* to me, gone to a place where I could never go. And all the light and sweetness she had when she was dying, showed me what I had missed by neglecting Jesus. She will never pray for me again, I thought, and I'm sure I never can come good without her; I feel so lonely, and at sea.”

"My poor little Gracie," I said involuntarily, as her words recalled to me the woeful look her fair, pale face had worn for months after her mother's death.

She gave a faint smile, and went on. "Then one Sunday, at last, when Uncle John was preaching about, 'He came unto His own, and His own received Him not,' such a light broke in on me; and I do believe God helped me that day to receive Christ to be all and do all for me. At the close of the sermon, Uncle John said, 'There was a wild, stormy night once on the sea of Galilee. A company of terrified men were tossed up and down there in a small boat. It was dark and tempestuous. Suddenly, over the sea,

One came to them; and it is written that they *willingly* received Jesus. When poor souls are tossing on the water of God's wrath, and it is now dark, how willingly, when Christ reveals Himself, they receive Him.' Then such thoughts of Him came over my heart, and I said to myself, He is come to me in this sermon. I will receive Him. Lord Jesus, I willingly receive Thee. Then, oh, what peace and quietness came to me. I seemed to have reached such a sure dwelling-place. It was the second half of the verse coming true, immediately I was *at land*."

"And was that Sabbath day the date beside that verse?" I asked, after a little pause.

"Yes; and how I've thought and thought of it since. You know I used always to like *sea-verses* that speak of the sea over and over. I used to have such ideas about them too. They seemed so true at sea, when I could hear the waves. I wonder if that's why my thoughts run so much about the sea, now I'm ill? I often catch myself praying as if I were at sea; and so I am in one way, but He will bring me to the haven where I would be."

"Gracie, do you remember reading me this chapter one evening? It seems long ago now, and yet it isn't long either. We were sitting in our old seat, on the White Crag, just above the sea."

"I remember," said Gracie. "It was before mamma died, and I wasn't a Christian then; but somehow bits of the Bible sounded beautiful to me, in an indefinite way. You remember we said that night that we hoped we should both get to 'land' *at last*. It seemed a very far off land then; as if we were going forth on a long voyage, and it would be ages before the end would come. It's not so far off from *one* of us now. It has only been a little bit of a voyage for me after all, and it's nearly over."

And then, dreamily, with her quaint way of mixing things seen and heard with the things which eye cannot see nor ear hear, Gracie sang—

"Row, brothers, row,  
The night falls fast;  
The rapids are near,  
And the daylight's past!

"The night falls fast," repeated Gracie



softly, "The daylight's nearly gone. Christ will be coming over the water soon."

\* \* \* \* \*

Two or three weeks passed away, and the *last* day arrived. It was a quiet Sabbath evening when He came, for whom Gracie had been waiting. She lay propped up with pillows, her thin cheek a little flushed, and her long fair hair pushed back. Her father had been reading to her from her own well-worn Bible, a few words at a time as she was able to bear it. Now, however, she seemed to be drifting away from us. When we spoke the words appeared scarcely to reach her. We felt as if calling to one at an increasing distance from us.

"I can scarcely hear, papa dear," she said at last; "but I think I could hear you sing, though you are a good way off now. Its getting so dark, too, it must be time for prayers; you know we always have them early at sea. It's very dark, and the waves make a noise; but do sing, papa. We must have evening prayers."

Her thoughts were wandering now. She fancied herself away at sea again, and the darkness was fancy too. The afternoon was wearing on, but there was still bright sunshine in the room. Her father put aside his own grief, and sang to his dying girl the first verse of the beautiful evening hymn they had so often sung at prayers together. It seemed to bear a deep and touching meaning *now*.

"Sun of my soul thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou art near;  
Oh let no earth-born cloud arise,  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!"

"Thank you, papa dear. It's so nice to have prayers again at sea. Don't you hear the waves against the ship? What a deep sound they make. I never heard anything like that sound. It won't be a storm, papa, will it? Oh, I hope not, I hope not."

And, in a weak, trembling voice, Gracie sang—

"Row, brothers, row,  
The night falls fast."

"How it falls. How dark it is getting. And Jesus still on the shore. I can see His face;—my sins, my sins! Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" said poor little Gracie, suddenly breaking from her dim wandering words, about

being far at sea, into the sharp, short cry of a dying sinner for mercy.

I repeated slowly "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

She smiled, as the words reached her; "From all sin, from all sin. And that's how he can bring us to the desired haven. It's a good while now since I laid my sins on Jesus; but I think some one was tempting me just now. You see with being at sea again, and going to land soon, I get a little confused." She was wandering back to her old idea now.

"You remember about the disciples, that night? Jesus is coming for me now over the water. It doesn't matter being so dark. I'm sure to see Him. It's been only a little bit of a voyage after all you see. When He comes into the ship, immediately we'll be at land. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

She spoke now as if we were *all* nearing the good Land together. We heard her speak, and felt, somewhat drearily, that we should still be outside, perhaps *long* after Gracie was safe in her Haven.

A few minutes later she said, "Please, kiss me now; and then each of you take one of my hands, till He comes."

We each took one of the small, cold hands. She lay quiet for a while. Then there was a slight movement, and she murmured faintly,—

"Many waters—but Christ is coming—Lord Jesus!"

A bright smile, a little, glad, upward movement of the weak hands we held. She was willingly receiving Him;—and *immediately* Gracie was at LAND, whither she went. — *Family Treasury*.

#### American Seamen's Friend Society.

REV. HARMON LOOMIS, *Cor. Sec.*  
MR. SAMUEL BROWN, *Asst. Treas.*  
MR. L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*  
OFFICES } 80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.  
AND } Bible H. Phil'a, Rev. S. BONHOMME.  
ADDRESS } 13 Cornhill, Boston, Rev. S. W. HANES

#### Terms of the Life Boat.

THE LIFE-BOAT is published for the purpose of diffusing information and awakening an interest more especially among the young, in the moral and religious improvement of seamen, and also to aid in the collection of funds for the general objects of the Society. It will be sent gratuitously, post paid, to every family from which a contribution is received, and to all persons who act as Collectors for the cause, provided a package of not less than 25 to one address is made up.

## LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; one of One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

### FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$ —, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society.

## SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall street and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the Office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman street.

## CLOTHING

For shipwrecked and destitute seamen are solicited from the Ladies, and the benevolent generally,  
Also bedding, &c., for the Sailor's Home.

SAVINGS' BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall street, and Boston, Tremont street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

## SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	UNDER WHAT DIRECTION.	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society ----	Mr. J. H. Cassidy.
" 2 Dover street, (colored) .....	" " " " " " " " " "	W. P. Powell.
PORTLAND, foot of India street .....	Maine Seamen's Union.....	Thomas Bailey.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase street .....	Boston Sea. Friend Society....	Capt. P. G. Atwood.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front street .....	Penn. Sea. Friend Society.....	Thos. McGuire.
MOBILE.....	" " " " " " " " " "	Henry Parsons.
NEW ORLEANS, cor. N. Levee and Suzette str.	New Orleans Society .....	
SAN FRANCISCO.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society....	James F. Stewart.
ST. JOHN'S, N. B. ....	Sea. Home Society.....	E. W. Flaglor.
HONOLULU.....	Honolulu Sea. Friend Society....	Mrs. Oat.

## INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl street.....  
 " 173 Cherry street.....  
 " 334, 336 Pearl street.....  
 " 322 do do.....  
 " 91 Market street.....  
 " 4 Catharine lane, (colored).....  
 " 3 do do do.....  
 " 45 Oliver street.....  
 " 39 do.....  
 " 9 Carlisle street.....  
 BOSTON, North Square, "Mariner's House"  
 NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....  
 BALTIMORE, 65 Thamos street.....  
 WILMINGTON, cor. Front and Dock streets.....  
 CHARLESTON, Market opposite State street.....  
 SAVANNA, foot of Jefferson street.....

### PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	J. Marrett.
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do	Benj. F. Buck.
do	Peter Oberg.
do	G. F. Thompson.
do	Chas. M. Fortes.
do	Christ. Bowman.
do	William White.
do	Wm. Johnson.
Boston Seamen's Aid Society	N. Hamilton.
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Charleston Port Society	Captain W. White.
	Capt. O. C. Parker.

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LOCATION.	UNDER WHAT DIRECTION.	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine cor. Madison st. ....	New York Port Society .....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
" foot of Pike street, E. R. ....	Episcopal Miss. Society .....	" R. W. Lewis,
" foot of Hubert street, N. R. ....	do. ....	" H. F. Roberts,
" Swedish & English, Pier 11, N.R. ....	Methodist .....	" O. G. Headstrom.
" Oliver, cor. Henry street .....	Baptist .....	" J. L. Hodge, D.D.
" 52 Market street .....	Sea and Land, Presbyterian ..	" A. McGlashan,
		89 Madison st.
ALBANY, Montgomery street .....	Methodist .....	" John Miles,
BOSTON, North Square .....	Boston Port Society .....	" E. T. Taylor,
" cor. Commercial and Lewis streets ..	Baptist Bethel Society .....	" J. W. F. Barnes,
" Richmond street .....	Episcopal .....	" P. Stowe,
" cor. of Hanover and N. Bennet Strs. ....		" J. P. Robinson,
NEW BEDFORD .....	New Bedford Port Society .....	" Phineas Stowe,
PHILADELPHIA, Water street .....	Presbyterian .....	" J. D. Butler,
" cor. Shipp-n and Penn streets .....	Methodist .....	" Chas. H. Ewing,
" Catharine street .....	Episcopal .....	" W. Mullen,
" Church st., above Navy Yard .....	Baptist .....	" W. B. Erben,
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice and Anna streets ..	Sea. Un. Beth. Society .....	" Joseph Perry,
" cor. Light and Lee streets .....	Baltimore, S. B. ....	" Henry Slicer,
NORFOLK, .....		" R. R. Murphy,
CHARLESTON, Church near Water street ..		" R. Gatewood,
SAVANNAH .....		" Wm. B. Yates,
MOBILE, Water street .....	Mobile Sea. Friend Society ..	" W. A. I. Fulton,
NEW ORLEANS .....	Episcopal .....	" A. D. McCoy,



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